JUNE 1988

AUSTRALIAN

# PLAYBOY

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## HERE SHE IS: OUR PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

## BLOODY HELL: AN AUSSIE-EYE VIEW OF AN AFRICAN MASSACRE

## REGINA: SHE MADE BORIS BECKER GO BOOM BOOM!

## THE SYDNEY BOY WHO HOTTED UP OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN AND TINA TURNER

## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BOXING'S MAIN MAN DON KING

## THE FITNESS MYTH EXPOSED

# Peter Jackson 30's

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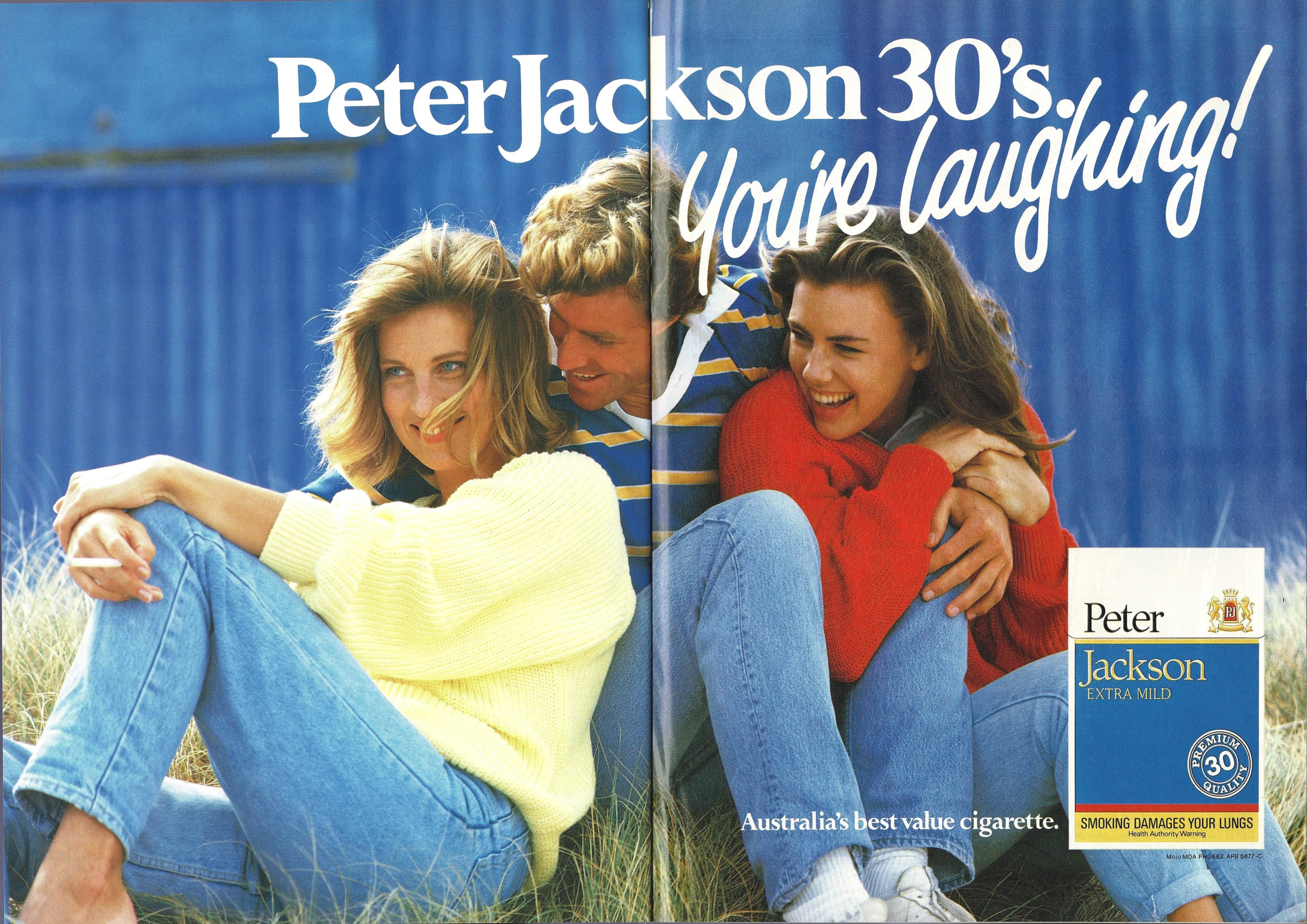


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# Playbill

The June *Australian Playboy* is not so much an issue as a celebration. Our ninth Playmate Of The Year has been announced and the winner, model Desiree Brown, graces our pages once more in a pictorial which shows why she *is* a winner. Photography is by **Bob Watson**, whose ability to capture beauty with his lens shows that he's just as much a winner himself.

In fact in this issue we celebrate quite a few winners. For instance, there's Roger Davies, the former Sydney rock'n'roll roadie who's now an internationally renowned manager after putting both Olivia Newton-John and Tina Turner back on top of the charts. Veteran rock writer **Anthony O'Grady** reveals some of the secrets of Davies's success.

Boxing promoter Don King, he of the weird haircut, is another winner, and in our scintillating interview King tells **Lawrence Linderman** how he fought against the odds to get a good deal for fighters, and how he's also helped singer Michael Jackson. Aussie film-maker **Steve Levitt** has proved he's a winner at war games. If there's a war on anywhere in the world, Levitt's ready to film it, and he's built a reputation for getting into the thick of things. Recently the ABC's *Four Corners* screened his much-talked-about film on bandit wars in Mozambique and in this issue Levitt tells the amazing story behind the ABC's story. A classic piece of photo-journalism.

Common theory now has it that winning people are automatically fit people, but writer **William Barry Furlong** argues that total fitness freaks can be real losers. Artist **Kinuko Y. Craft's** grim graphic illustrates the fate of "no pain no gain" adherents. So how do smart people get fit? Sensibly— and to show you how, we publish the minimum maintenance fitness chart, compiled by **Walter Lowe Jr** and **Trish Wend**.

Another group of alleged winners who have turned out to be the new-age losers are the yuppie stockmarket dabblers. In this issue one of Australia's best humorists, **Colin Bowles**, pens a satire called *Yuppierella*, about a woman who dreamed of driving a Ferrari and double-parking in Double Bay. But she had three ugly sisters to contend with. Artwork is by **Greg Tayla**.

Talking of losers, this month's fiction is a real winner. *The Loneliness Of The Long-Distance Aussie*, by **Graham Lyons**, is about a sorry character called Eric — all he wanted was a hot girl to see him through a cold London December. The inspired artwork is by **Frants Kantor**.

Local singer Sharon O'Neill has won her fair share of hearts, not to mention acclaim, and she gives some snappy answers to 20 Questions which were put to her by Perth writer and rock identity **Scott Howlett**.

Talking of girls, we're on a winning streak this month. Film starlet Kathy Shower makes a return appearance, photographed by **Arny Freytag**.

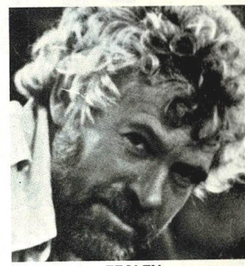
Also German model Regina Neder reveals why she's the much-talked-about girl who made tennis champ Boris Becker's heart go boom-boom, and centrefold Diana Lee, a thoroughly modern dancer with a thoroughly beautiful body, is photographed by **Richard Fegley**.

Just in case we haven't won you over yet, be warned that there's a lot more in this issue. Sports columnist **Phil Jarratt** pours the bucket over Aussie Rules football; photographer **Helmut Newton** has taken some snappy pics of the new power-packed 600 cc motorbikes; and motoring editor **Rob Luck** checks out the pacy small cars he calls "pocket rockets".

So get with the winners, get with this month's *Australian Playboy*. You can't lose.

TAYLA

CRAFT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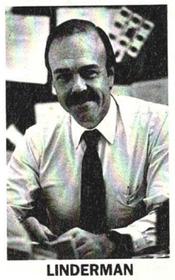
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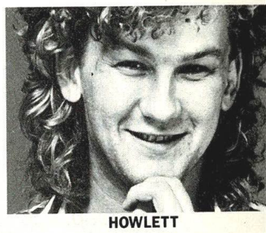
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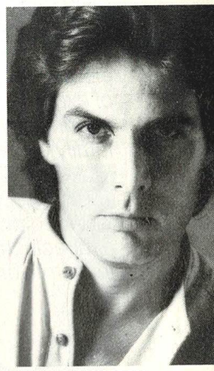
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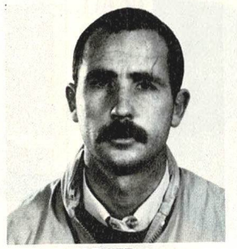
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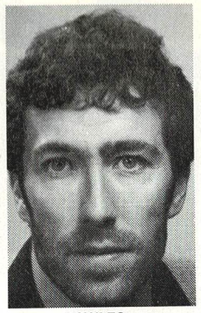
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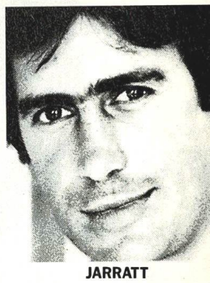
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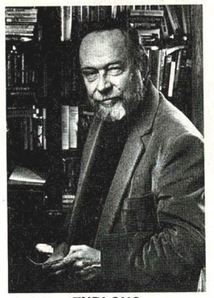
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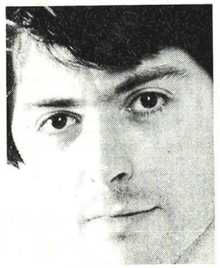
KANTOR

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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

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Playmate Of The Year pictorial: All furniture supplied by Freedom Furniture.

*Australian Playboy* is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 6566. Telex: 72964. Fax: 360 2631) on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. The magazine is photoset by A. P. T. Pty Ltd, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone 02 331 4511), printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co (HK) Ltd and distributed by Network Distribution Co, Sydney (Telephone 02 282 8777).



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* Recommended and maximum price only.


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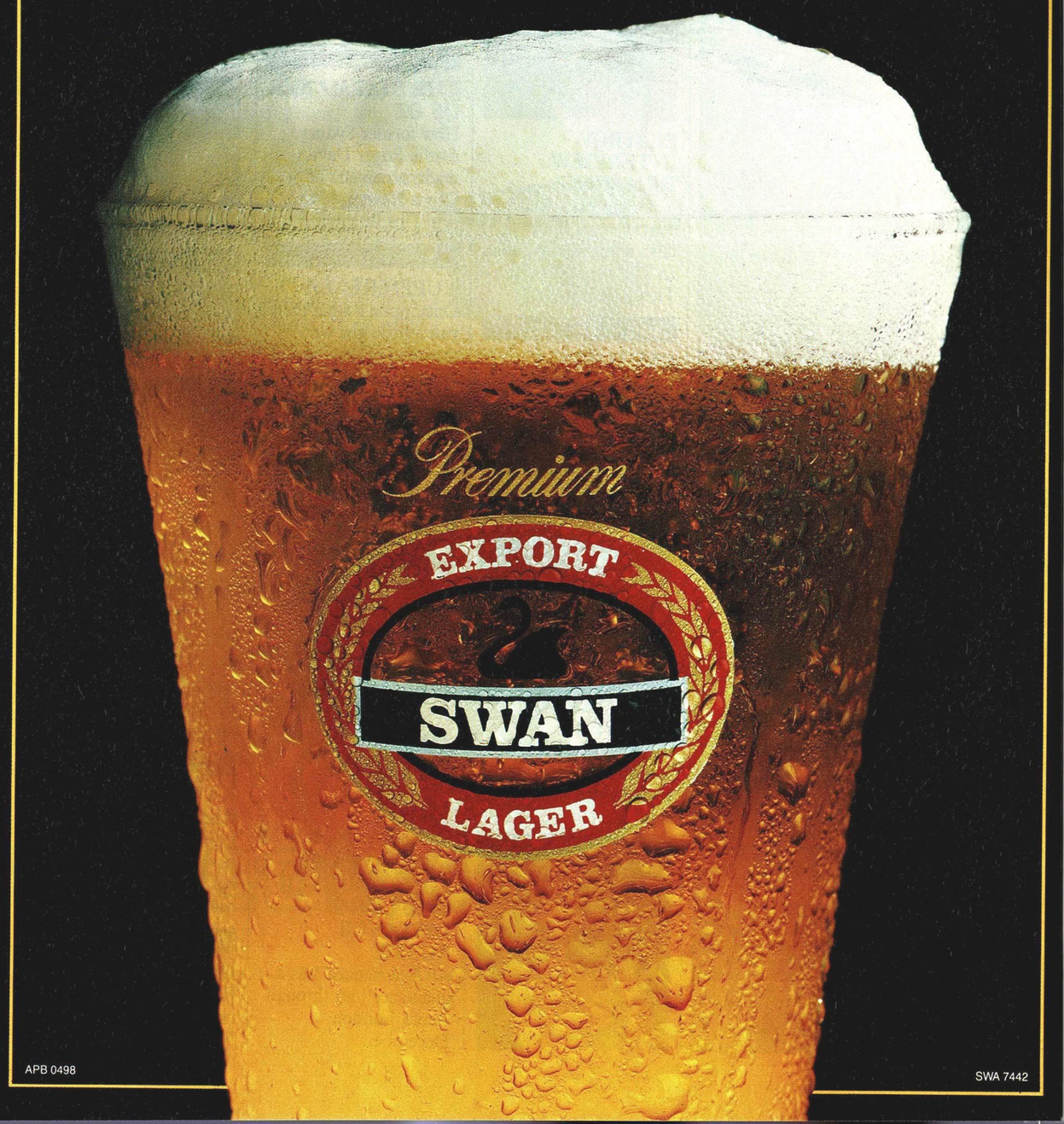
# THIS SWAN'S MADE FOR YOU.

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# Dear Playboy

### NEW LOOK

Congratulations on the new format revealed in the February '88 *Australian Playboy*. The new-look centrefold is perfect — no longer do we have to guess what she means in the questionnaire. Now we really know her. Top marks and an A-plus.

Now about **Monika Uhrig**. The snaps you have shown of her have caused me to buy two February *Playboys* — one to keep intact to join the rest of my collected Playboy crew, the other to extract the photo for my album. Monika can have my address anytime she desires by applying to you or hanging around the Cambridge Hotel in Rockhampton.

From the looks of the new *Australian Playboy*, 1988 promises to be a bumper year and something unreal for us bachelors. Congrats again.

Aub Holmes,
Rockhampton, Qld.

### EAGER READER

Congrats on your February issue. It's good work. I certainly have changed my opinion of **Arnold Schwarzenegger** after reading **Joan Goodman**'s interview with him.

I also enjoyed the pictorial spread of **Kim Basinger**, and the introductory photograph of **Kate Ceberano** preceding the 20 Questions interview with her. And, in case you're interested, my son gets enjoyment from the motoring features.

K. Mitchell,
Paralowie, SA.

### DON'T ADD ADS

I would like to offer some constructive criticism on the volume of advertising in *Australian Playboy*. *Playboy* is an excellent magazine but the quantity of ads is, at times, a bit much. For example, the December '87 issue contained approximately 32 pages of advertising.

As I said, just a bit of constructive criticism which I hope you keep in mind. Keep up the excellent work in all other facets of the magazine.

David Mitchell,
Port Macquarie, NSW.

*Fair go, David. Every Aussie mag has to run bulk ads to survive in the market jungle, but you'll find our advertising-editorial ratio no worse than others. In fact it's usually better — Ed.*

### FLAGGING RAPIDLY

I enjoy your magazine enormously, and as the old cliche goes, I do read the articles as well as studying your excellent specimens of the female race. Thank God for WOMEN!

However, I have detected a small error. In your money column which discusses Swiss banks (Jan '88), the accompanying illustration is displaying a Danish flag, not the Swiss flag which I presume you wanted to show. Only an observation though, no heavy criticism meant.

Chris Pedersen,
Glendale, NSW.

*The art department is sitting with its collective head hanging in shame. Any further lapses will result in the entire department being taken out to the car park and given a good thrashing — Ed.*

### ATTENTION GRABBER

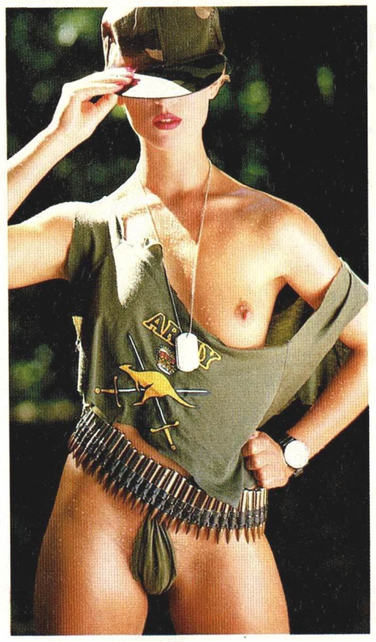
Let's see more of your army girl, **Maree**. You're dead right — we all reckon she's the sort of sheila who'd know the difference between a bloke's rifle and his gun. How about sending her down to our mess so we can mess around?

"The Boys",
Puckapunyal, Vic.

Your April pictorial on Maree the model soldier was a stunner. She reckons she wants to make privates stand to attention, but a certain captain we know salutes her too. How about showing us some more?

D.K.
Elizabeth, SA.

*Okay, men, at ease. Here's another photo of Maree — Ed.*



### DIVINE CHRISSIE

The 20 Questions interview you did with **Chrissie Amphlett** in the January edition of *Australian Playboy* amazed me, and I thank you. It was interesting to find out what she's really like under her stage image. But how about grabbing her again for a longer interview or even a pictorial to show what she's like under the stage outfit.

Martin Brown,
Parkerville, WA.

### BYE BECKETT

Vale **Richard Beckett**. I've only just realised that Richard Beckett had died and I'm so sorry that I can no longer read him in *Australian Playboy*. I've always enjoyed his articles on booze, and loved his wit.

I hope you still have a few contributions of his that haven't be published. It seems such a pity he's gone. As they say: "Only the good die young."

R. Strobach,
Kensington, NSW.

*Unfortunately Beckett left us with no articles, only memories — Ed.*

### BREATHLESS

To quote **Jerry Lee Lewis**, your first effort for 1988 left me breathless.

What an issue! **Brigitte Nielsen**, what a woman! **Bill Cosby**, what a guy! **Dean Jones**, what a champ! *Australian Playboy*, what a magazine! 1988, what a year it's going to be!

Christopher Johnson,
Middle Park, Vic.

### GOOD SPORT

As an avid reader of *Australian Playboy* and an absolute sports nut, I greatly enjoyed the in-depth stories on Australian soccer (October '87) and basketball (February '88).

Maybe soccer administrators should get a few ideas from their basketball counterparts as to how to promote the game nationally. For instance, the Perth Wildcats have gone ahead in leaps and bounds during the past year, but the NSL won't even let in a team from the West.

With a better organised national competition I am sure the Socceroos would enjoy more success against foreign teams, as has been the case with the Boomers.

Ted Polglaze,
Doubleview, WA.

***Write to us! Send your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box, 746, Darlinghurst 2010, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that have something to say. We'll give a 12 month subscription to each letter that we publish.***

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'Technical supremacy with a look that can only be Kangaroo's — Don't just wear them, be seen in them.

**Special offer to Playboy readers.**

Write in and tell us the most novel use for the Kangaroo pocket and you may win a full fashion range of Kangaroos valued at $300.00.
The most creative entry wins.
Send your comments to:
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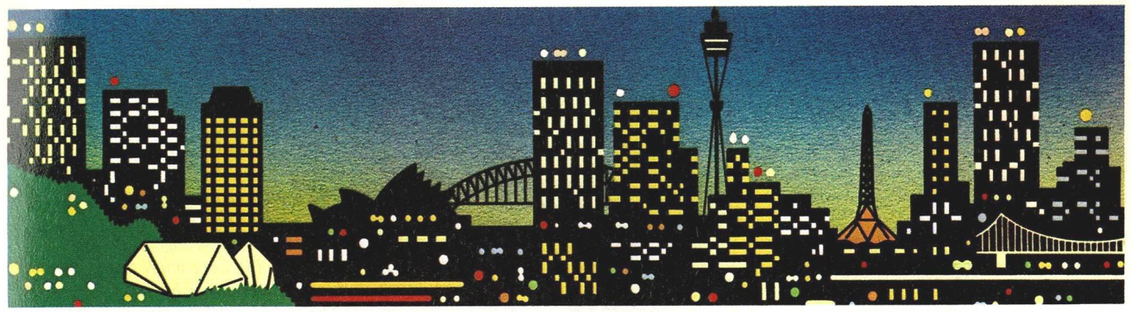
# After Hours



### NOT-QUITE-SO-TRUE-STORY

One thing we really enjoy is leafing through the pages of that venerable British satirical mag, *Private Eye*. And one page we particularly love is True Stories, in which **Christopher Logue** collects snippets from the print media which sound ridiculous. Thus we were impressed when he led recently with the following:

"The police department of the Australian railway system have withdrawn a poster showing what they consider to be a potential fare dodger approaching the barrier at Calvary Station after it was discovered that the person in the photograph was the Mayor of Calvary, Mr Dennis Clyne. 'We asked an advertising agency for a suitable photograph,' said Chief Inspector Open of the ARP. 'We thought it gave the right impression and when I rang them to check that it was usable their manager Mrs Louisa Galah said the man was an undischarged bankrupt who had left the country, so we went ahead.' "

Great yarn. However, after we had failed to find Calvary in the postcode book we decided, just for the hell of it, to ring the *Canberra Times* who were quoted as the source. Alas, no such story had appeared.

Oh dear! We hope this doesn't mean that all those other wonderful names are as apocryphal as Mrs Galah's seems to have been. Still, in the same issue the *Eye* also picked up a piece from *TNT*, a magazine for Aussies in London, to the effect that a Mr **Craig Bush**, a frustrated soldier, had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for breaking into the building that houses the Parliament of New South Wales and urinating into the teapot of the Premier, Mr **Barrie Unsworth**.

Yes, well, we do remember that one, although with hindsight the sentence sounds a bit draconian!

### QUOTE OF THE BICENTENARY

The distinguished expatriate Australian art critic and author of *The Fatal Shore*, **Robert Hughes**, on the subject of our overlong celebrations: "The notion that Australia should maintain a permanent patriotic erection for 365 days from January 1 is hooey."

### AUSSIE RULES, OKAY?

More and more Aussie soccer players are following **Craig Johnston**'s example and seeking fame and fortune on the playing fields of Europe. We recommend they avoid Albania, however attractive the offer. Last season two players from the national team sought refuge in Greece because they claimed there were no showers in the Albanian Soccer Academy, they were made to play in ordinary walking shoes and threatened with the labor camp if they lost.

Craig was used to playing in thongs before he went to England, of course, but at least in Liverpool you're guaranteed a hot bath every Saturday night.

### WHO DID WHAT. . . AND TO WHOM?

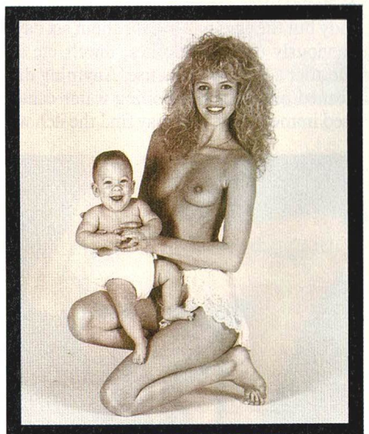
A member of our highly respected advertising team who prefers to remain anonymous (and when you've read this you'll hardly blame him) was recently at the epicentre of the kind of human drama which we would have you believe is hardly the stuff of the daily life of *Australian Playboy* staff.

For reasons known only to himself he was spending a drunken night with his girlfriend at a gay friend's house. During the night the lady rose from her slumber to go to the loo, naked.

Suitably relieved but still several sheets to the wind (and this, folks, is where the story begins to strain even the After Hours column's credulity) she stumbled back to bed and, unfamiliar with her surroundings, entered the wrong room and climbed in with the sleeping gay friend.

Then, dear readers, the gay friend's lover arrived, let himself in, and discovered *his* friend in bed with a member of the opposite sex, *naked yet!* Wherewith he dragged the bleary-eyed maiden (well, sort of) out of the bed with cries of "Get out, you slut", jumped astride his half-awake lover and began to rain blows on him.

Miraculously our man's girl found her way back to her own bedroom and roused her sleeping swain with the awful story. He raced to the scene of the crisis in time to prevent murder from being committed. Fortunately the enraged one's spleen had been vented sufficiently by this time. And fortunately he was as willing to believe the most outrageous stories as we on *Australian Playboy's* editorial staff are.



### PAGE 3 POSTSCRIPT

As a follow-up to our eye-popping pictorial celebrating Britain's Page 3 girls (March '88) we decided to do a little research into what happens to a Page 3 girl after she's been on Page 3. The answer in Cathy King's case was she produced a baby which was so healthy it survived being four months premature. Here's the result.

### ASHES TO ASHES

Dr David Stry, owner and director of the Villa Vegetarians Health Spa in Cuernavaca, Mexico, has stipulated in his will that he wishes to be buried in the non-smoking section of the cemetery. We assume that means a plot away from the crematorium, but if not we hope any nearby stiffs will respect his wishes and refrain.

***If you manage to snap something ridiculous or notice an outrageous piece in your local paper, we'll pay $25 for anything we can use. Contributions to: After Hours, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.***

**Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.**

***Dear Bettina:*** *Recently I was visiting my husband in hospital and I overheard one of the nurses saying that the man in the bed next to him had to have surgery because he'd stuck a pencil up his penis. Is this possible and why do people do such things?*

*— Ms B.L., NSW.*

Although it is uncommon for people to stimulate the urethra as part of masturbation, it does happen — sometimes by accident. Over the years the medical sexology literature has reported a number of cases where women have become confused about their sexual anatomy and have not only stimulated the urethra during masturbation but have even managed to stretch the urethral opening so much that it has been possible to insert the penis into the opening and have intercourse. Sometimes this has happened in women who were born without vaginas, or with some abnormality in the vaginal entrance.

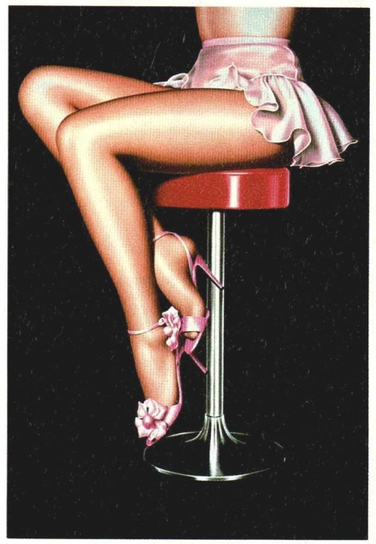
In both the male and the female, the outer section of the urethra is surrounded by sexual nerve endings and hence the area does respond to sexual stimulation. Some men and women include stimulation of the area as part of normal masturbation and this sometimes leads on to explorations using various objects to stimulate inside the urethra. Medical reports reveal all sorts of objects are used for such practices. Doctors have removed pencils, paper clips, hat pins, swizzle sticks, lipstick tubes, and candles from the urethra. One study of this unusual sexual practice reported 18 cases in which patients were treated for self-inflicted foreign objects in the urinary tract. Fifteen of the patients were male, three female. Objects removed included a pencil, a hooked wire, a thermometer and a 45cm piece of plastic tubing. In some cases the object could be removed by the use of instruments inserted into the urethra while the patient was under anaesthesia. In other cases, pelvic surgery was necessary. The objects had done varying degrees of damage. Symptoms included pain, swelling, urinary frequency, painful urination, abscess and tearing of the urethra .

*I haven't had sex with my boyfriend (or anyone else for that matter, although I know that he has), but last week I did oral sex on him. Now he tells me that he's been very itchy and he is pretty sure he has pubic lice. I now have itchy, irritated eyes. Could it be possible that I caught his pubic hair on my eyelashes?*

*— B.C., Tas.*

Yes, it is possible that pubic lice can be transported from the genital region to the eyelashes or eyebrows. They can also infest beards or moustaches. You will have to see your doctor to arrange treatment. Eyelash infestations are treated by rubbing white petrolatum ophthalmic ointment on the eyelashes twice a day for 10 days. Infestation of the eyelids or eyelashes is sometimes quite difficult to eradicate. The parasites and nits may have to be individually removed with tweezers but your doctor will advise you if this is necessary. Sometimes a very hot sauna is used as a means of getting rid of lice which are hard to treat in other ways.

I hope your boyfriend is also taking action to rid himself of the lice and avoiding contact with whoever may have given them to him. (This need not be sexual contact: lice can be spread by contact with bedding, towels or clothes of an infected person.) He will need to be given treatments appropriate to the areas where he has the lice and then both of you should use clean clothing, towels, bed linen, hair brushes etc. Crabs will die within 24 hours after separation from the human body but the eggs will live for about six days. Previously used bedclothes, towels etc are safe after a week without use. Anything dry-cleaned or washed in boiling water can be used immediately. You may find the itch will persist for some time after treatment, especially if your skin is very irritated from rubbing or scratching.



*My husband tells me that he can tell when I have had an orgasm by the way the muscles contract in my vagina. Do you think this is true? I didn't have much sexual experience before we were married but luckily I have never had any trouble reaching orgasm. What surprises me is I was talking to a girlfriend about this and she says her husband never knows whether she has or not... and sometimes she pretends to come and she's quite sure he can't tell the difference. It's not a big deal — I'd just like to know what you think. I'm 30 years old and have been married five years.*

*— Ms M.V., Vic.*

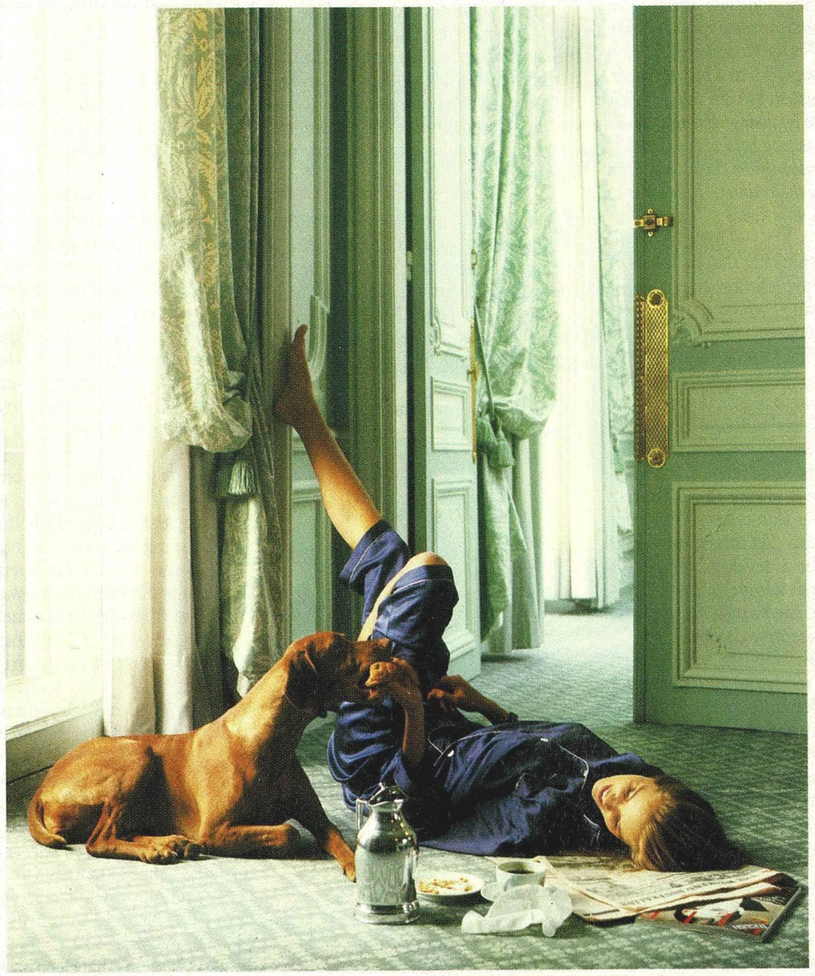
As Masters and Johnson's research demonstrated, orgasm is associated with rhythmic contractions of the uterus, the vagina, and the anal sphincter. The first few contractions are typically intense and close together but these then slow down and diminish in force as the orgasm subsides. The number and force of contractions varies considerably from woman to woman and from one orgasm to another in the same woman.

Your husband certainly may have learnt to recognise the particular pattern of contractions associated with your climax, but if a man cannot feel his partner's contractions it may be they are simply less intense or there is not quite the same sensitive contact between the penis and the vagina. As the vaginal muscles are under voluntary control it is possible for a woman who is very familiar with her own bodily response to fake the movements associated with her own particular orgasmic pattern. In this case it would be very difficult for a man to tell, even a man very familiar with her genuine orgasms.

It is harder for a man who is with a woman he doesn't know well, because women vary so much in their orgasmic response. Often it is done for the best of motives, ie, to please a partner, to avoid having him feel a failure, to avoid being labelled frigid etc. Of course, it would be far better if we could all be more honest about such matters, but often our egos get in the way.

*After a year together things have been moving on real well between me and my girlfriend so that we both know we are going to end up having sex. We are both pretty happy about that idea but much as I want to go all the way I keep on worrying about what would happen if she got pregnant. We are both still at school — I am 16 — and our parents would kill us if that happened. My girlfriend is dead against abortions and I am not keen myself on*





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*the idea and I certainly wouldn't try to push her into it. We talk about birth control but we really don't know what's best for us to use. We have heard that all of them can fail sometimes and some, like the Pill, have awful side-effects. I am wondering if we could use more than one type to double the odds. I talked to some of the guys about it and they thought I was a bit off the air. They seem happy to get away with using as little as they are forced into by their girlfriends. I also have worries about getting hold of the things. I know you can get condoms from chemists but can you get the Pill over the counter? If so, is it as strong as the prescription type?*

*— Mr F.R., NT.*

You are right in thinking that all forms of contraception do have a failure rate and it is wise to choose a method which is most likely to suit your circumstances and hence minimise the risk. The Pill, although it has received a lot of very bad publicity over the years, is still an ideal form of contraception for many women. Taken correctly it has a low failure rate, provides protection throughout the cycle and with the wide range of prescriptions now available it is rare that a woman need suffer adverse side-effects from this form of contraception. Yet this is not always the best method for a developing girl — a doctor would have to advise you on this — and you certainly do need a medical prescription for this contraceptive device.

It certainly isn't foolish to consider combining various methods. . . for instance it is best to use condoms combined with spermicidal jelly for extra protection. I suggest you go together to your local family planning clinic and talk over all your concerns with one of the doctors there. Don't worry — your visit is confidential and you needn't be afraid of your parents finding out.

*My boyfriend has always been very keen on oral sex and made me learn to do "deep throat" because it turned him on so much. It took me a while but eventually I was able to get around the gagging feeling and now I really get into it because I like the feeling that I can give him so much pleasure. The problem is he loves really being sucked hard, but after our last session together I came away with a very sore throat. Is this going to cause any injury to my throat?*

*— Ms G.B., NT.*

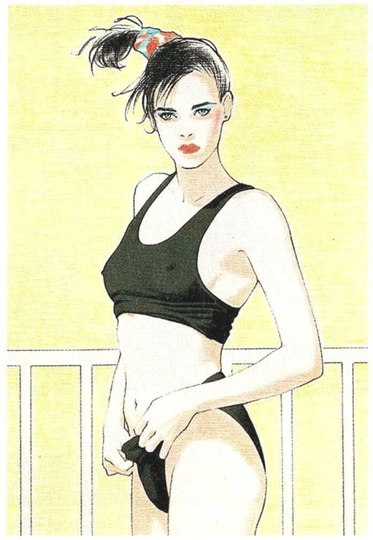
There are cases in medical literature of bruising of the soft palate — the area in the back of the mouth above the root of the tongue — from vigorous fellatio. This is an area with a rich supply of blood vessels. The combination of suction and trauma from thrusting can cause small blood vessels in the area to rupture. You could also develop painful skin irritations from friction of the penis rubbing against the throat. Since you have already experienced this type of problem, increasing the vigor of your sucking is only likely to make matters worse. You should find the present bruising and irritation will heal within 10 days with no permanent effects, provided you give your throat a break from that eager penis. It is not a good idea to keep your throat in a permanent state of irritation as then you could risk permanent scarring.

I assume your boyfriend will understand your need to protect yourself. It worried me that you said he "made" you learn deep throat. No one has the right to make anyone participate in a sexual activity, and particularly to push someone else to perform activities they find painful, embarrassing or in any way unacceptable. Don't let him push you around.

*Recently I have been troubled by a bad itch near my anus. I have tried putting powder and creams around the area and making sure it is kept extremely clean but it doesn't seem to go away. What could be causing this problem? I am a 27-year-old male, unmarried but with a fairly active sex life.*

*— Mr F.H., Qld.*

One of the chief causes of anal itching is pinworms. These are tiny, delicate worms



which hatch in the small intestine and emerge around the anus at night. The females lay eggs by the thousands in the moist folds of skin around the rectal opening. Pinworms are very common. The intestine parasite can be passed on through contaminated toilets, nightclothes, bedding, underwear, or sometimes through sexual activity.

Other common causes of anal itching are haemorrhoids, swollen veins in the rectum, and anal fissures. Then there are various infections such as the common yeast infection, monilia, which causes many women so much distress through infection of the vagina. In males this sometimes causes anal itching. There are also problems which result from cleaning of the anal area. Inadequate cleaning sometimes leaves irritating residue from bowel movements. But the opposite problem can also occur. Too thorough cleaning of the delicate skin around the anal orifice can irritate the delicate mucous membranes and create more mucus, setting up a cycle of further cleaning and irritation. What else? Well, there are also various allergic reactions which produce itching, a variety of skin disorders, and anal warts are sometimes the culprit. The list of possible causes is huge so rest assured your problem is far from unique. Plenty of other males (and females — although the symptom is more common amongst men) are troubled by ants-in-the-pants symptoms. But you must seek help from a doctor.

*Every few months I have an orgasm in my sleep, usually associated with an erotic dream. I am a woman in my mid-thirties. I have been trying to work out if I get these when I have gone for some time without having an orgasm but that doesn't seem to be the case. In fact, once or twice I have had this experience the night after intercourse with my husband — and I usually end up well and truly satisfied by him.*

*What causes sleep orgasms? Are they very common in women?*

*— Ms N.E., SA.*

Recent surveys suggest that it is really quite common for women to experience sleep orgasms. Roughly half of all women recall having at least one orgasm while asleep. Some women can even recall having wet dreams where they awake to find evidence that they have ejaculated during the night.

For most adults nocturnal orgasms are somewhat rare, occurring only at irregular intervals. Yet some men and women experience such orgasms several times a month and as is the case with you, there does not appear to be a definite relationship between sexual tension and frequency of nocturnal orgasm. Morton Hunt, in surveys conducted in the 1970s, found that people who were less sexually active, or entirely inactive, are sometimes a little more likely to have an orgasm while sleeping. But even people who have orgasms daily may have nocturnal climaxes.

It seems that sleep orgasms are involuntary reflexive events which ordinarily occur during REM (rapid eye movement) sleep. Sexual arousal and orgasm seem the result of the automatic initiation of the orgasm centre in the spinal cord. Most people who have sleep orgasms believe they are the consequence of erotic dreams. In fact, researchers suggest that it's probably the other way around. Once the reflex orgasmic process is under way, it seems it stimulates an erotic dream fragment.

The whole sequence happens quite rapidly, usually in under a minute... although it seems much longer to the dreamer. Now that's what you call a quicky!

**Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- *Australian Playboy*, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.**

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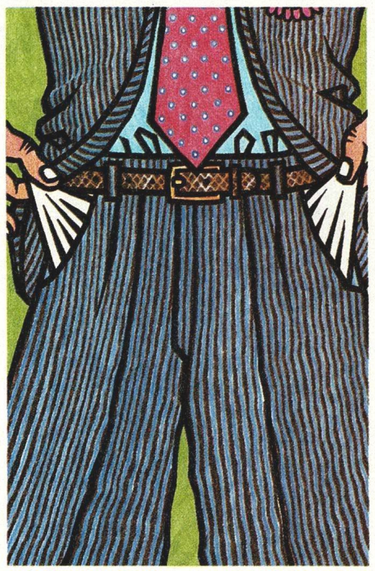
*Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen pounds six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds nought and six, result misery.*
**Charles Dickens**
*(David Copperfield)*

Misery indeed: in Dickens' time those unable to meet their financial obligations went to debtors' prison. Today, of course, there is no such thing. Bankcard and other types of easily obtained credit have made it possible for practically anyone to spend more than they earn and remain happy. The trick is not to go overboard — to always keep debt within manageable limits. As long as you can make all your monthly payments and still have some money left over for food, you're okay. But what happens when that monthly nut gets too hard to crack? When you just cannot pay your debts? Simple — you go bankrupt.

Personal bankruptcies have skyrocketed over the past few years and, since the classic time for bankruptcies is after a stock-market crash, there should be many more in the near future. It is commonly believed that bankruptcies are the result of mad spending sprees or deliberate frauds perpetrated by people trying to avoid their legitimate debts. Some are. But most bankruptcies are either the result of bad luck (like the manager who was out of work for a year with a back injury and could no longer make the car and mortgage payments) or incompetence (one millionaire lottery winner with no prior business experience lost everything he won plus another few hundred thousand he didn't have in a series of failed businesses).

Although our present procedures are a great advance over debtors' prison, bankruptcy still leaves deep emotional scars that can take a long time to heal. Bankruptcy laws are designed to minimise the trauma — both psychological and financial — of going broke.

Our modern bankruptcy laws are derived from English statutes that go back to the days of Henry VIII. Originally, the laws were directed mainly at criminal frauds: confidence men who absconded without paying their debts. Over the years, however, bankruptcy laws have been gradually extended to cover those whose insolvency was not deliberate and to encompass businesses as well as individuals. The laws have also become increasingly lenient. The laws in force at the turn of the century allowed a bankrupt individual to keep a few pounds and the tools of his trade — and that's all. Today's laws do not strip the bankrupt of all his possessions. Interest in a house and car can generally be retained and sometimes a great deal more.



## *Going bankrupt ain't what it used to be. Now you get to keep the shirt on your back.*

Becoming a bankrupt is usually a gradual process. Normally, if you fail to pay your bills or miss a few loan repayments, your creditors will not immediately head for the courts. Instead, they will try to come up with some sort of repayment plan, even if this means extending the term of your loan or allowing you to pay off your bills a little each week. If this moderate approach does not succeed, hire-purchase companies may repossess your car or your video and resell it. If you have a job, creditors may have your salary attached (garnisheed) so that part of your wages are paid directly to them until your debt is discharged. It is only when they cannot get their money any other way that creditors resort to bankruptcy court.

Creditors can petition the courts to declare you bankrupt. You can also petition the court yourself if you find a pack of hungry debt collectors breathing down your neck. Once you have been declared bankrupt, the court will call off the dogs and appoint someone to administer your financial affairs. Essentially, this individual's job is to liquidate your assets and distribute the proceeds to your creditors.

As already noted, you will not be picked clean. You will be permitted to keep all or at least part of a house or car, professional tools, household goods, personal effects, even some jewellery. If the proceeds of selling your assets are insufficient to pay your debts, you may be required to repay at least some of the rest out of your wages on a weekly payment basis.

The first claim on your assets goes to "secured creditors", those whose loans were based on some collateral. For most people this means their home mortgage and car loan get paid off first. Of course, the tax department is also high on the list along with any child support payments you may have forgotten. Unsecured debts are paid last. Rarely are there sufficient funds for all debts to be paid.

It may take three or more years before a bankrupt is "discharged". During that time, you are barred from being a company director, serving on a jury or as a Member of Parliament. Once you are discharged, your debts (with a few exceptions such as back taxes) are wiped clean. Although there are clear penalties and a substantial social stigma attached to bankruptcy, most professions will not toss you out just because you fail to pay your debts. Barristers can and do go bankrupt. Solicitors are struck off only if their bankruptcy is the result of misconduct; stupidity does not count. Bankrupt dentists and doctors can continue to practise. Even accountants go bankrupt.

Some individuals have deliberately tried to use the bankruptcy laws to avoid paying their legitimate debts. Before declaring themselves insolvent, they transfer their assets to others — wives, children, partners — leaving the court-appointed liquidator nothing to sell. In the most blatant of these cases, the bankrupt individual continues to live in a mansion, drive a luxury car and holiday in exclusive hotels. The car and the house are owned by someone else and the holidays are "gifts" from friends trying to help him get over the trauma of being destitute. Three years later, with his debts discharged, the bankrupt can immediately start accumulating new debts. He can even declare himself bankrupt again if he finds himself in over his head.

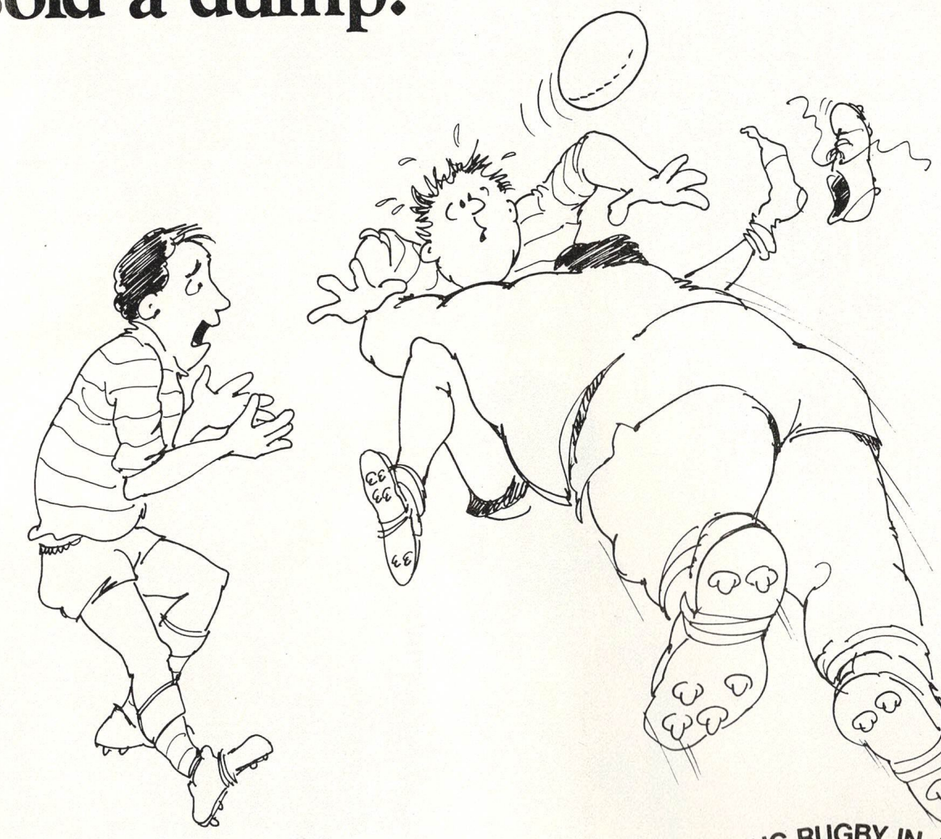
Lest you be tempted to follow this path, be forewarned that such arrangements constitute fraud. If discovered, the state can invalidate the phony asset transfers and use anything that can be recovered to pay your debts. You may also be criminally prosecuted for trying to deceive the court. If the charge is proven, you will wind up in prison just like the debtors in Dickens' day.

— SETH GREGORY

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MORRIS




# If it's not Ricoh you've been sold a dump.



On a rugby field a dump is not somewhere you put the grass cuttings. It's when a "friend" passes you the ball just before the biggest forward you've ever seen slams into you at a million miles an hour. Know the feeling?

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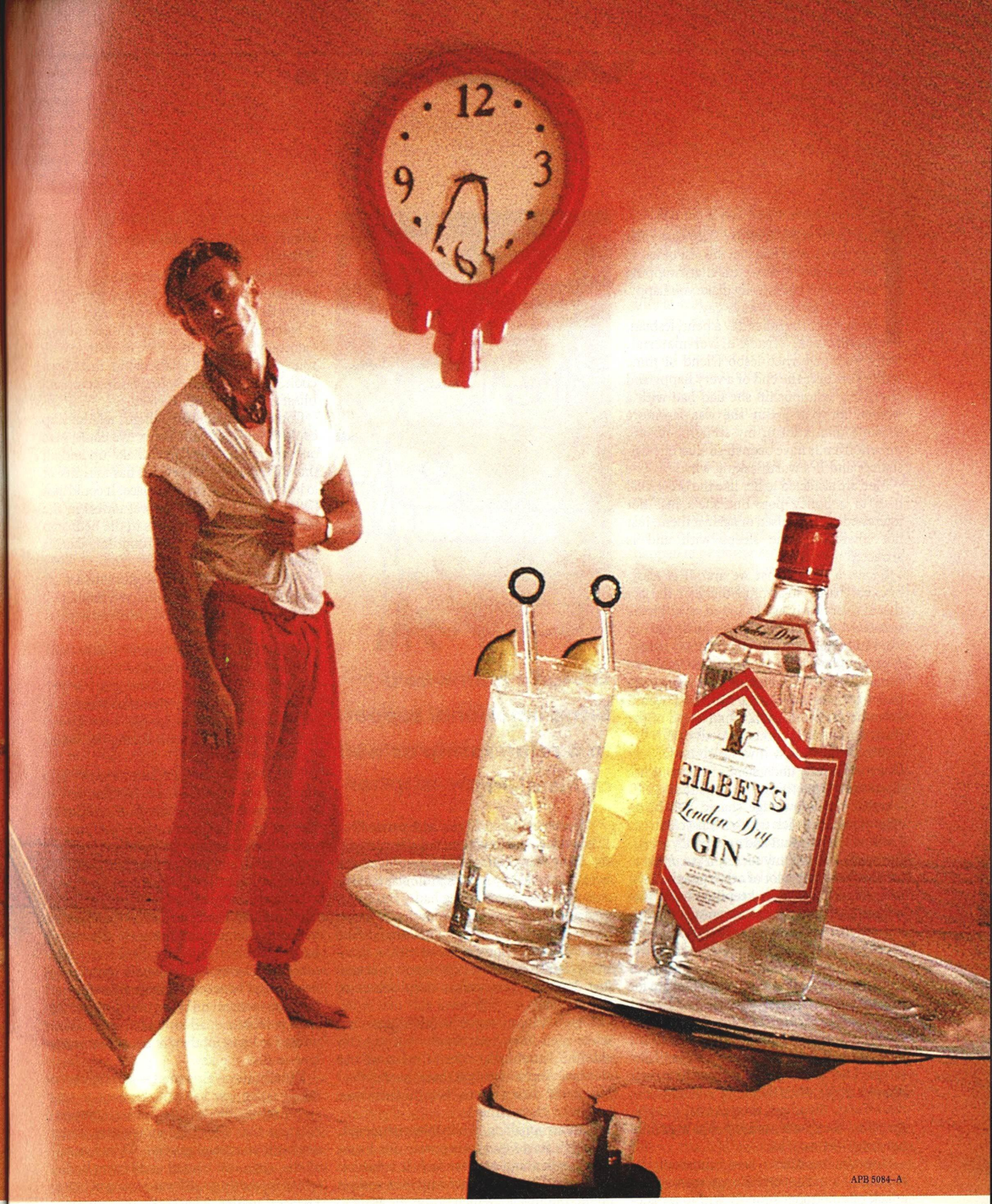


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# A heatwave is somehow bearable when a cool change is on the way.

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# Women

I have a lot of gay friends. They have their ups and downs just like the rest of us, so let me make it very clear that swapping sides won't necessarily make you happy. "Gays" are not always gay.

In fact just the other day a bent, lesbian, diesel-dyke, truck-driver-material, wally-woofter-turned-lesbo friend of mine was crying over the end of a very happy and rewarding relationship she had had with a woman for years. But she was far more sensible than a lot of my straight, hetero, unbent friends have been in similar circumstances and it's worth asking why.

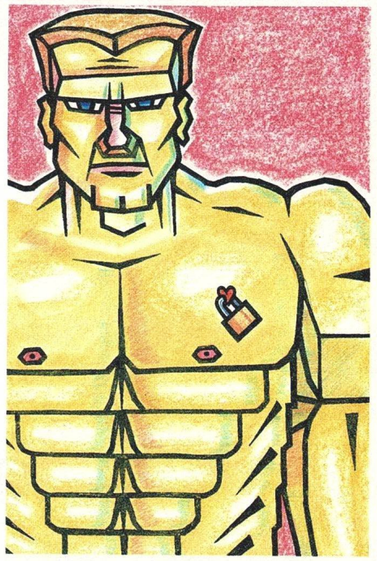
Men are attracted to her like the proverbial bees to a honey pot, but she's just not interested; not repulsed or against them, just not interested. She sleeps with and is attracted to women.

I have a theory that we are all at least bisexual, based, in all probability, on the fact that at a very early age I allowed myself to be seduced by a woman. It was dusk and we were in her car outside my parents' house. A goodnight kiss unexpectedly turned into tumultuous sex. I sat eating dinner with my parents afterwards and I realised I would never be the same again. I had tasted of the fruit, and it tasted pretty bloody good!

Mind you, I knew it was a no-no for me. One instinctively understands, when one has discovered something new about oneself, whether the knowledge shared will bring cries of joy or a quick trip to the psychiatrist. I kept my mouth shut and enjoyed my secret. But while keeping my secret, it occurred to me that probably a lot of other people, men and women alike, were keeping theirs. Was it possible, I thought, that we are all bisexual, but are just too scared to admit it, or even consider it?

Don't get me wrong: I love men, have loved men, and will continue to love them for as long as I am able, masochist that I am! I am a sucker, excuse the pun, for all those extra bulges men have. Women just don't have what it takes in certain areas. Like biceps. I love men's arms, love watching their muscles ripple when they hold you tight, love their backs, their legs, their chests, and yes, yes, okay, their balls, and last, but hopefully not least, their cocks.

However, no matter how numerous the charms of a male, there always seems to be a lack of emotional support within a male-female relationship. All my female friends agree that it's not *our* sex letting the team down. The other day a friend of mine was bemoaning in no uncertain terms her bloke's shortcomings. She wanted to talk to him but felt he didn't like confronting situations.



**Oh for a man who'd bring emotional support to a relationship as well as his dick!**

"Most men don't," I said in my wise Bette Davis voice, and then something occurred to me. How many times have I counselled and been counselled by friends in similar circumstances? How many times had I run to my girlfriend and spilled out my heart to her rather than to my lover? Thousands! And why? Because women know either intuitively, or through past experience, that men just don't respond well to deep emotional discussions.

Why? We can argue conditioning, but while men have been taught not to show emotion, surely that doesn't mean no one else can? And who taught them that anyway? No doubt their fathers, who in turn were taught by their fathers.

It seems appalling, if not downright tragic, that we can do everything with our lovers except talk about how we feel. It is bizarre that we can be so intimate with men and yet be such strangers. Which brings me again to women. It's little wonder why the thought of a relationship with a woman becomes appealing. Not only does one find beauty and softness in the female form, but with it, understanding, comfort, emotional support, love and friendship — basically the ingredients we are all searching for within a relationship.

Perhaps it is the strengths of such a relationship that gave my gay friend the strength to cope with its break-up.

Sometimes I feel envious of my gay friends. Generally speaking they have no trouble with role playing. In a relationship they both cook, both eat, both wash, both shop, and blissfully *both* come. Perfect!

Come to think of it, an all-girl relationship could be an economic coup. We could save on nail polish, hair spray, make-up and all those expensive things a girl has to think of to lure you men in the first place. It could also be the end of picking up wet towels in the bathroom and smelly socks in the bedroom and the start of something beautiful, sharing and caring.

Ah! But what about those muscles, a voice cries! What am I trying to say, you might well ask. Am I advocating lesbianism on a grand scale?

Not at all. . . I for one, as I have said, cannot do without my muscle-bound male. However, wouldn't it be nice to give our girlfriends a break from the histrionics and instead have an emotional link-up with our male lovers? Maybe even during the sexual link-up!

Now there's a thought: sex therapy! Talk and fuck at the same time. It's one way to keep your male from nodding off, to keep his interest up, so to speak, while you discuss your or his inner secrets. Mind you, it could turn him off sex forever if he starts linking it with emotion!

If we are not prepared to change society's conditioning, males and females alike, we will continue to instil the same frustrating patterns in our children. Surely we want something better than this cold war that has been waged between the sexes for centuries? Men are so intent on being unemotional that they've locked the door on us. Even if they wanted to let us in, they're not sure where or how to find the key.

Usually all we girls want — are crying out for — is for you to open the door to your secret selves, the smaller, frailer, emotional creature that's lurking somewhere underneath the contained exterior. We're basically all the same, just housed in different bodies, which is exactly what I was getting at before. Doesn't matter what sex, the emotional content, growth and experience are after all what we're all seeking.

So until you men come out of the closet, I guess we women will have to continue to rely on each other for . . . satisfaction?

— MERCIA DEANE-JOHNS

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MORRIS



# Men

"Women lie all the time about their sexuality," Maria said. "They aren't honest about it. You guys get caught in the middle of feminine hypocrisy. You're so busy acknowledging your own lechery that you forget to look at our lechery. Get it?"

"We're being conned?" I laughed.

"Just remember that chant, 'Liar, liar, pants on fire'. It fits the women I know," Maria said. "One of my best friends is in her thirties, like me. 'I'm really glad I don't have a penis,' she told me the other day. 'I'm turned on all the time. Thank God it doesn't show.' "

Maria is a loyal reader of this Men column. She was giving me a lecture by telephone. She had read my February 1988 column (on male lechery) and had decided I needed a tutorial on the ways and wiles of women. In that column I had argued that men are lecherous by nature and that it is something we should not be ashamed of. "One day soon, gentlemen, we'd better stand up and cheer for our nature," I wrote, and then I posed a question about women and lechery. "You don't suppose we should construct a Universal Female Lechery Test, do you?" Maria had called me to assure me we should do just that, that women were as horny as men but that they were horny in a sneaky, hidden, deceptive fashion.

I first met Maria by mail. That's the best part of this column-writing gig, by the way. I get a lot of mail, all of it personal, some of it supportive, some of it not. There is an audience out there that seems to know me, follow me, and let me know in no uncertain terms when I'm hot and when I'm not. Maria wrote me several letters that were honest, blunt, and informative. I learned a lot about her: she's beautiful, happily married, a former singer and dancer who now lives on an orange grove farm. She is also well aware of the tricks of her own sex and willing to talk about them. In my terms, she's a national treasure.

"I call it the 'O' word, Ace, and no, it's not what you think it is. 'O' stands for ownership. Women are taught to view their sexuality as a thing, a commodity, a piece of trade goods, unimportant in itself, *very* important to men, the poor dears. We make sure we hold on to our sexuality until we get a deal, until we're ready to trade it for those little things that mean so much to a woman — little things like lifetime commitment, lifetime financial security, lifetime health benefits, guaranteed housing. We don't want much for a little nookie, do we?"

"Not much at all," I laughed.

**Okay, you lechers, stop feeling guilty. Turns out women get just as horny as we do.**

"Ownership is really the central issue for us, Ace. Women give sex, men buy it. Most of you guys are naive. You really think you owe us for our favors. We don't want to do it, oh no. You're making us do something nasty that we think is gross and disgusting, understand?

"And of course, once you make us participate in that yukky act, that awful thing that is basically wrong and evil, after we have *given* you this favor that we own and have graciously bestowed upon you, guess what? We think we then own you."

"Sounds like a bad deal to me," I said.

"Face it, it's sick. It's a very hypocritical power trip. But I see progress. Women are starting to acknowledge their own horniness. We know we're horny, no matter how much our mothers warned us against it. We know we ache and get wet in the inappropriate places at inappropriate times. Guess what? There are moments when we think about hauling some unsuspecting man around a corner and dropping to our knees and making it very difficult for him to do anything but make funny little noises and give us exactly what we want."

"Now *that's* lechery," I said.

"You bet it is," Maria laughed. "But it's very difficult for women to admit to it. Why? Go back to the 'O' word. If we admit we're lecherous, then a disastrous thing happens: we are admitting that we can lend our sexuality at will. We're saying that we need sex, that we need you, that we can lend and borrow and enjoy without tying strings around the offer. If you start to understand that — if you understand that we're just as sexually needy as you and that we're not doing you guys any great favors when we're sexual with you — then you'll lose your gratitude and your guilt. That gratitude and guilt has been our powerbase for centuries. We'd lose that, we'd lose our supposed moral superiority, and who knows what else? We treasure our power over men, all of us, especially so-called 'liberated' women, who just happen to be power-conscious to begin with. You don't expect us to give it up, do you?"

"So your pants are on fire but you lie about it, huh?"

"Yes. All the time. Women are as horny as men. Hornier, even. But we try very hard to pretend that's not the case. We think about sex a lot. We look at men's bottoms and chests and try to see through their flies. Women ache. Physically. There's an ache that runs from the navel down the inside of both legs many times a day. We try to walk so that no one can tell how slippery we are, how lost we are in that feeling of wetness and warmth.

"We stand behind a man we're attracted to in the supermarket, say, and we try to absorb him. We think about his hands and eyes and mouth and body and smell — I'm not talking about cologne, either. We leave with him in our imagination. We walk across the parking lot and start the car and turn on the radio and play with ourselves all the way home.

"There are days when we masturbate for hours. But if you write this in your column, get ready to duck. It will be denied. With vehemence. The historic powerbase of an entire gender depends on this secret not getting out. We have conned you guys for thousands of years, and I see only a few signs that we're ready to stop it."

Maria and I talked about other things, about the cold weather and the high winds in the orange groves. "Winds keep the trees from freezing," Maria said.

It wasn't the first time that she had told me something about life that surprised me. Appearances, I concluded, are deceptive throughout nature. But isn't it fun penetrating those deceptions and getting to the heart of the matter? That's the name of the game

— ASA BABER

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MORRIS

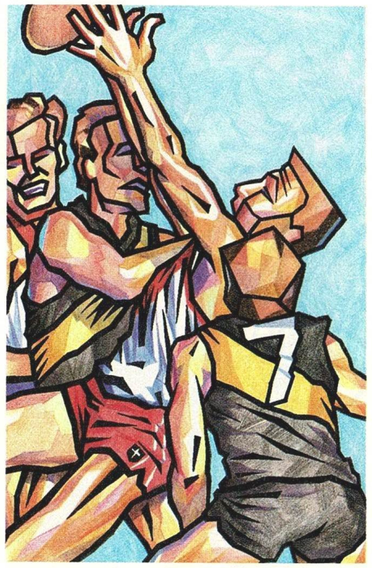
Once upon a time the silly jumping game had a place in our lives and that place was Melbourne, where, understandably, they loved it and thought it clever. That was fine by civilised Australia, fine by us northerners. It confirmed our deep-rooted suspicions about our antipodean Mexicans. We wanted to believe that south of the border they had rocks in their heads and Australian Rules football proved it. The fact that hundreds of thousands of Victorians went bananas on grand final day was neither here nor there as far as we were concerned. (As long as it remained there and didn't come here.)

Here (ie, the centre of the universe, Sydney) we had an unchallengeable passion for the greatest game of all, the one in which men of awesome bulk ran around a field acting like prairie bulls on heat. Then, half a dozen seasons ago and for reasons none of us have ever quite fathomed, the jumping game came north and called itself the Sydney Swans.

We laughed. This sort of thing might be considered amusing Down There, we said, but it would never do for Up Here. Indeed, many Melburnians agreed with us. It seemed to take all the parochial fun out of the game. The VFL was what made Melbourne, ah, different. True, the global village was encroaching at a rate of knots, but a VFL team for Sydney? Ridiculous.

Alas, we were wrong. The Swans struggled for a couple of seasons, then along came the very clever Mr **Bob Pritchard** and the very famous Dr **Geoffrey Edelsten**, both of whom had bellowed for their boys from Bay 13 at the MCG many years before. Pritchard pulled the strings and Edelsten, when his problematic professional life would allow it, danced for the media, and in no time at all the Swans had a high public profile that embodied the worst aspects of crowd-pleasers such as *Dallas*, *Dynasty* and *Rock And Roll Wrestling*, but certainly put bums on seats at home games.

The more recent problems of the Swans have been well documented, but short-term failures cannot alter the fact that the Victorian Football League has embedded itself, perhaps permanently, in league-crazed Sydney. And Brisbane — once known as Wallyworld to its legion of league fans — has apparently taken the Bears to its blousy bosom. This shouldn't come as any huge surprise, I suppose. They're suckers for hype in Brissie, and if they can fall in love with a bunch of American basketballers and call them their own, then I suppose they can do the same for a bunch of aerial footballers from the southern metropolis of Melbourne.



***Aussie Rules football should have stayed where it belongs — south of the border.***

This season we also have the state of origin series, in which NSW is essentially represented by former residents of the border metropolis of Wagga Wagga. The format applied to rugby league draws blood and television ratings. Applied to Australian Rules it is ludicrous.

The VFL's goal (no punt intended) is obviously world domination, and in recent seasons its territorial incursions have been impressive. In this day and age, however, no sport can launch expansionary offensives without the backing of a media mogul. Cricket had **Kerry Packer**, the jumping game has **Christopher Skase**, a former financial hack whose matinee idol looks and business acumen disqualified him from a graceful aging in a pub near the newsroom. Instead Mr Skase has yachts and resort hotels and holidays at Villa d'Este. Oh, and a television network and the major interest in the Brisbane Bears.

Because Mr Skase has money in it (and, to be fair, undoubtedly loves it) Australian television viewers are this winter seeing more of the jumping game than they ever have before. In much the same way that cricket went from two hours a day on the ABC to all day every day on the Nine Network when Packer started World Series, Skase has embarked on the saturation approach. You don't like Aussie Rules? Well, what about if all there is is Aussie Rules?

At the same time that television coverage of the VFL is reaching saturation point, the actual season is being stretched mercilessly at either end. If it gets any worse we will have perpetual winter. Last February, when the sports pages had been filled for weeks with accounts of practice matches and the sagas of salary caps and signings, the founder and president of the Anti-Football League, Mr **Keith Dunstan**, was moved to write: "What we are suffering from is. . . double digit football inflation. . . The amount of space devoted to footballers this past week has been beyond belief. You would never know that we have been involved in a historic, first-ever Test Match against Sri Lanka." (Again, to be fair, the Sri Lanka Test was only marginally historic and an epic bore, but you get Mr Dunstan's drift.)

So, if we are to be force-fed this inane game, then one might hope that its lack of basic skills and science would be compensated for in the form of a wealth of fascinating personalities. **Ron Barassi** was a giant of the code around whom a legend grew. My fondest recollection of him (secondhand, I might add) is of his sneaking up on the man who is now our prime minister in the bar of the Windsor Hotel and grabbing the little fellow in a vicious bear hug. He was a ruffian but he had intelligence and charisma. The next player I took any notice of was **Mark Jackson**, and that was in the form of complete bewilderment. How could such a person be the star of the code?

I found — and continue to find — Jacko to be without redeeming quality, but at least he could inspire me to loathing. The current crop of stars in the jumping game leave me limp and unfulfilled. **Warwick Capper**, for Christ's sake! I'm sorry, I cannot think of the man as a sportsman. I prefer to think of him as a figure on a card inside a packet of breakfast cereal, or perhaps someone with a minor role in *Neighbours*. He, like Jacko before him, will probably become very rich and finish life as a quiz show host on daytime television. But as a player of Australian Rules football he has become a victim of the hype.

Capper's onfield performances for the Brisbane Bears may yet see him elevated from the Almost Greats to the critics pantheon, but it won't really matter. The cut of his short shorts will be the important thing in the hoop-la spectacle of the silliest game of all.

— PHIL JARRATT

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MORRIS

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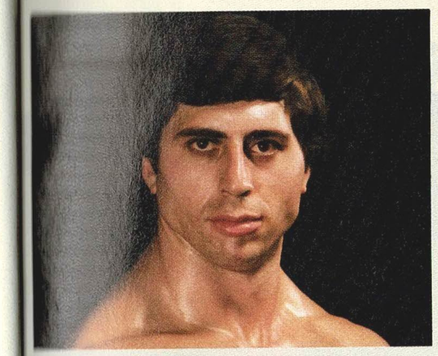

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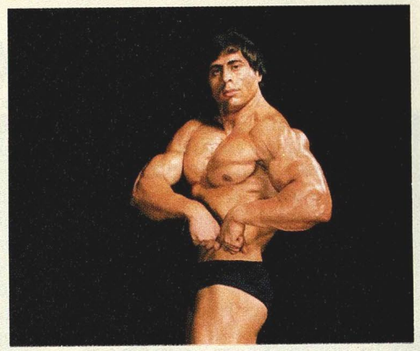

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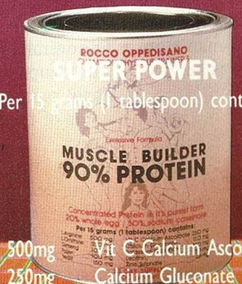


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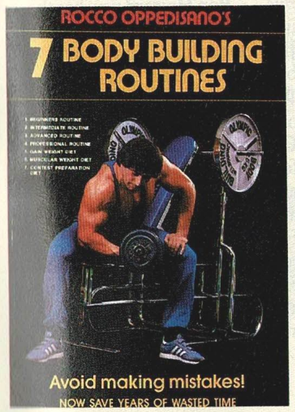


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## Paul Newman films Tennessee Williams and Disney buys Snowy River II

**ENDANGERED SPECIES:** It's a month in which three arguably great directors have turned their attention to some of the gentler human forms in danger of extinction. **Paul Newman** doesn't direct all that often, and when he does it's usually to demonstrate wife **Joanne Woodward**'s greatness as an actress (*Rachel, Rachel, The Effect Of Gamma Rays On Man-In-The-Moon Marigolds*) so we shouldn't be surprised that he decided to capture her definitive performance as Amanda in **Tennessee Williams**'s classic *The Glass Menagerie.* Still, the film belongs to **Karen Allen**, brilliant as the handicapped daughter Laura who is persecuted by her mother's dreams of a "gentleman caller". **Lindsay Anderson**, renowned for his anarchic masterpieces *If. . .* and *O Lucky Man!*, is in reflective, melancholy mood with *The Whales Of August*, an apt metaphor considering the great age of his actors: **Lillian Gish** (92), the greatest star of silent movies, **Bette Davis** (80), the most brilliant star of Hollywood's golden period, and **Vincent Price** (77), the face that launched a thousand horror movies. Last but not least, HandMade Films, who devastated the world with Monty Python, have succeeded in bringing *The Lonely Passion Of Judith Hearne* to the screen, under the sure hand of **Jack** (*The Innocents, Room At The Top*) **Clayton**, who's been trying to film it since 1961. **Maggie** (*Prime Of Miss Jean Brodie*) **Smith** is heartbreaking as the lonely piano teacher who sees con-man **Bob** (*Mona Lisa*) **Hoskins** as her last chance for happiness, while he imagines she's got the money to finance *his* last hope of success. The overall effect may make you want to open a vein, but that's a small price to pay for movie acting of the highest order.

*One brief tender moment with a Gentleman Caller: James Naughton and Karen Allen in The Glass Menagerie.*

●

**AUSSIE BOX OFFICE:** As we mentioned a couple of months ago, *Travelling North* was 1987's top Australian domestic release at a disappointing $1.3 million. It's worth noting, however, that *Crocodile Dundee* actually took more in 1987 but can't be counted because this was the second year of its release! And indeed *The Year My Voice Broke*, released much later to heartteningly great box office, will far outgross that by the time its 1988 run is included. . . Incidentally, despite its less than enthusiastic reception by Australian critics, *Man From Snowy River II* has been picked up Stateside by **Walt Disney**, now Hollywood's hottest studio with megahits like *Three Men And A Baby* and *Good Morning Vietnam. Snowy River I* grossed more than $21 million in the US in 1982 and was one of the year's top 10 grossers, so it's not beyond the realms of possibility that Disney will eclipse that. And when *Crocodile Dundee II* hits our screens following its American premiere this month, all bets are off!. . . Further good news, this time of Aussies abroad. Our very own **INXS** are finally getting the attention they deserve in the States after 10 years' hard labor. Their album *Kick* has literally kicked up the charts. Michael Hutchence declares: "Great things rise to the top." No sense in being modest in Seppoland!

●

**REELING AND ROCKING:** So far **Chuck Berry**'s epic bio *Hail, Hail, Rock'n'Roll* has only shown at Melbourne's tiny arthouse, the Valhalla, and hasn't even been scheduled in Sydney yet. What on earth possesses film distributors?. . . Work is underway on *Strawberry Fields*, an animated movie in both 3D and standard format based on 10 **Beatles** songs, of which only the title song is the original (although **Michael Jackson** provides one of the covers). It's being produced by **Al Brodax** who was responsible for much of that cartoon masterpiece, *Yellow Submarine*. . . **Ron Howard** now has the inside track on directing both the **Jimi Hendrix** and **Jim Morrison** bios. When will it ever end?. . . *Walker,* the latest, eagerly awaited offering from **Alex** (*Repo Man*) **Cox**, about a Yankee soldier-of-fortune who conquered Nicaragua in 1855, will premiere at Sydney and Melbourne Film Fests before going into general release. Also in both: *Letters Home From Vietnam*, read by just about every concerned star in Hollywood. ¥

### MOVIE SCORECARD

*capsule close-ups of current movies by graham barry*

***Baby Boom*** Truly trivial treatment of how career woman copes with baby. Stars Diane Keaton and Sam Shepard. ¥¥

***Batteries Not Included*** Sentimental claptrap, with spaceships more worthy of Disney then Spielberg. ¥

***Broadcast News*** So this is how TV news works! Holly Hunter has all the brains, William Hurt the glamor. ¥¥¥

***Couch Trip*** Mental patient does fair imitation of psychiatrist but Dan Aykroyd fails to make a fist of the part. ¥¥

***Cry Freedom*** Despite the build-up, just a well-meaning sermon from *Gandhi*-man Richard Attenborough. ¥¥

***Dirty Dancing*** Joel Grey's sexy little daughter Jennifer teams up with hunk Patrick Swayze to dance to great soundtrack. ¥¥¥

***Good Morning Vietnam*** Robin Williams wakes up the US troops in the early '60s with powerful performance as crazy DJ. ¥¥¥

***Less Than Zero*** *Lost Boys'* Jamie Gertz is wasted in this Brat Pack sleaze with Andrew McCarthy and Robert Downey. ¥

***Man From Snowy River 2*** Should have quit while he was still ahead. This time the pictures don't make up for the rest. ¥¥

***Moonstruck*** Watch love change spinsterish Cher to ravishing beauty. Watch her feisty mother Olympia Dukakis too! ¥¥¥¥

***Nuts*** You know what Barbra Streisand's problem is from the start but she and Richard Dreyfuss still fire up the court. ¥¥¥

***Overboard*** Goldie Hawn extends herself as amnesiac society dame landed with chippy Kurt Russell's four awful kids. ¥¥¥

***Someone To Watch Over Me*** is Tom (*Platoon*) Berenger as happily married cop falling in love with his lovely charge. ¥¥¥¥

***Suspect*** Versatile Cher is helped by juror Randy Quaid to prove deaf-mute derro not guilty. So who is? Taut and terrific. ¥¥¥¥

***Three Men And A Baby*** They'll tell you the French version was better but go see it anyway and enjoy yourself. ¥¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it



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HONDA VFR750F

# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DON KING

*A candid conversation with the King of the ring about the Thrilla In Manila, the Rumble In The Jungle, and singer Michael Jackson's Victory tour.*

*Humility, thy name is not Don King. As quiet as a 21-gun salute, as modest as a George Patton, King is a character of both epic proportions — he's 6'4" (193cm) tall and weighs well over 100 kilos — and epic pronouncements. "My life," King once said, "is a living testimony and is an incongruity and a contradiction to what America has hitherto asked for success." If* that *isn't clear, at least this is. Asked what he fears most in life, King unhesitatingly replied, "The repo man."*

*Despite his success as a kind of latter-day, electric-haired P.T. Barnum promoter, King is not a victim of hubris. Just ask him. "I am one of the masses, not the classes," he says. "I have exemplified Rudyard Kipling when he said you can walk with kings and yet keep the common touch. I've not lost my sense of balance. My equilibrium is impeccable."*

*Since 1974, when he matched Muhammad Ali against George Foreman in a heavyweight title fight staged in Kinshasa, Zaire — a bout he dubbed "The Rumble In The Jungle" — King has been pro boxing's premier promoter. And since the retirement of Ali, he has also been the sport's leading personality. But perhaps his chief claim to fame is as an instantly recognisable, electric-haired dispenser of ballyhoo at boxing matches and on TV shows around the universe.*

*Who is this guy? Is King just another flim-flam man? The brother from another planet? Now that's a possibility: "Space is not space between the earth and the sun to one who looks down from the Milky Way," King once told a reporter.*

*Here on earth, King lives in a $5 million home with his wife, Henrietta, on a 76 hectare compound 100 km from Cleveland that also contains houses for his son Carl, 30, and daughter Deborah, 28. (His other son, Erik, 34, lives off the reservation.) In New York, King owns a three-storey brownstone that serves as his pied-a-terre, and operates Don King Productions from a three-storey building on East 69th Street.*

*Although King's biggest splash has been with heavyweights — he promoted Ali's biggest fights, and those of his successors, Larry Holmes and Mike Tyson — King has promotional ties to nearly 100 fighters. A one-man monopoly, King also has a legion of critics. For several years, many of them griped that he gave special consideration to fighters managed by his son, Carl, a charge King never disputed. "A father wouldn't be worth his salt if he didn't help his son," he says, but points out that Ali's trainer Angelo Dundee favors his family the same way without criticism.*

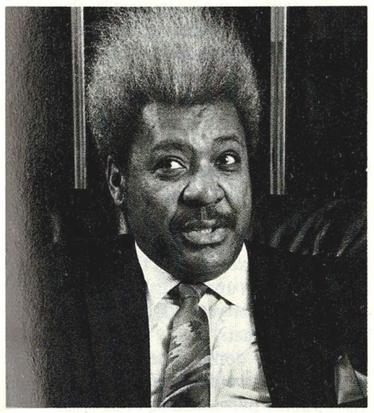
*King thinks much of the carping directed at him is the result of jealousy mixed with racism. Never one to answer succinctly when a bouquet of words will do, King says, "When I deal with jealousy, I remember Othello, the Moor of Venice, and Desdemona — one of the first mixed marriages in history. Both of them loved each other dearly, but from outside agitation and outside influences, it became a tragedy. Shakespeare penned: 'Trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmations strong as holy writ.' So no matter how trivial it is, how small it is, you can't allow the seed of jealousy to fester in your breast."*

*The purplish prose is pure King, a brand of street talk that is routinely interspersed with quotes (and near-quotes) from Schopenhauer, Plato, Nietzche, Socrates, Voltaire, Spinoza, and his two favorites, Bill Shakespeare and Khalil Gibran. Listening to King rattle on can be daunting, but one thing is clear: when King says he's "gone from the guttermost to the uttermost," he's not just whistling Dixie.*

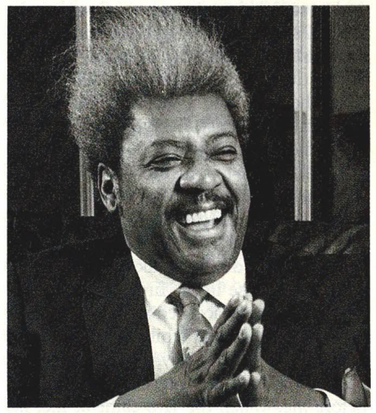
*Born in a poor black neighborhood in Cleveland on August 20, 1931, Don King was one of five sons and a daughter born to Hattie and Clarence King. On December 7, 1941, the day the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, King's father, a worker at Jones and Laughlin Steel, was killed in an explosion of molten metal.*

*With the double indemnity for the accidental death, King's mother moved the family to a better neighborhood — "to give*

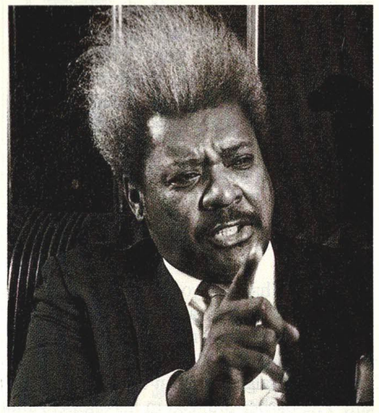
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE



*"You never met another race of people like black people. During the Civil War of this great nation there actually were slaves fighting for enslavement as well as those fighting for liberty."*



*"I certainly didn't foresee Ali knocking out Foreman. Ali really shocked the world with that fight. That's when he introduced the 'rope-a-dope' — he just let George tee off on him."*



*"This guy called me a Mickey Mouse motherfucker so we got into a fight, and his head hit the pavement. I found myself instrumental in the death of a fellow human being."*

*us a better opportunity to get an education."*

*Following his graduation from high school, King was accepted at Kent State University, and needed $600 for tuition. He earned it as a numbers runner the summer before he was to enrol, but then lost all his money when he misplaced a betting slip that won; he personally had to ante up $580. At that point, King went into the numbers business full-time, and before he was 30 he'd become one of Cleveland's biggest policy bankers. All went smoothly for King until 1967, when he got into a fight with one of his employees that resulted in the man's death and a four-year prison sentence. Less than a year after he was released, King promoted a charity bout with Muhammad Ali, and the rest has been a very vivid chapter of public relations history.*

*To interview boxing's most peripatetic and prolix promoter, Playboy asked free-lance scrivener* ***Lawrence Linderman*** *to meet with King. His report:*

*"King has long been hopelessly addicted to hyperbole, which he finds far more intoxicating than any other substance; he doesn't drink or smoke, and the only drug he stocks is aspirin, presumably for people who might get headaches listening to the man go on. And he does go on. Thus it's no wonder that the public sees him as a hustler who could come up with a profitable scam alone on a raft in the Pacific. Privately, however, King is as bright as he is cunning, and his dedication to black causes goes well beyond any cursory bows in that direction. Last year, for instance, he successfully led a movement to suspend South Africa from the World Boxing Council, for which he was honored with the Martin Luther King, Jr. leadership award."*

**PLAYBOY:** So, Don, what's the deal with your hair?

**KING:** It's really like an aura from God. Until 10 years ago or so, my hair was kinky and nappy and curly, like any other black's. But then one night I went to bed with my wife Henrietta, and she shook me because my head was rumbling and moving and my hair was just popping up — *ping, ping, ping, ping!* Each hair. All them curls was straightening out and going up. Henrietta couldn't believe what was going on, so she woke me up and said, "Look at yourself in the mirror." And what I saw is what you're seeing now.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your reaction?

**KING:** Well, I was alarmed. In fact that morning I went down to the barber's to get a haircut, because the sight of my hair standing straight up didn't make *my* day at all. The barber plugged in his clippers and tried putting them to my hair, but all he got was static electricity; there were sparks and I heard a lot of *pop! pop! pop!* I had to leave the shop because the clippers were giving me a migraine headache. So I decided it was like a direction being set for me, and I haven't had a pair of clippers on my head in more than 10 years.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you consider boxing the last vestige of free enterprise?

**KING:** Because society didn't want to get in on it. They looked at boxing and decided that it was infiltrated with racketeers. So because it's unorganised, it allowed a guy like me to come in. Boxing is not corporate. The greatest thing for someone like me is to be able to think and put business deals together without being a graduate of Yale, Harvard, Princeton or Oxford. But I've had to deal with those kinds of people. To do so, you have to create a sound, constructive business deal, which means recoupment of investment and bottom line profit in order to stay in business.

What Muhammad Ali told me when I first came into boxing was, "We need someone to come into this sport to represent *us*. People think that the fight game is black, but we are the gladiators in the centre of the ring. We don't have no voice in the box-office, we have nobody in the board room, and we have no promoters. All where the money goes is white; all where the blood goes is black."

*I try to teach white people about black people, because I know about white people. I've got a PhD in Caucasianism, but they don't know about us.*

**PLAYBOY:** Some of the aspersions you've suffered have come from the US government. Specifically, you were indicted some years ago by the IRS [*the US tax department*] on tax fraud charges. Did that come as a surprise?

**KING:** No, because I've always been under undue scrutiny and pressure. And I really think it's remarkable that I have existed and progressed with every one of society's protective institutions on my back — the FBI, the CIA, the IRS, and even InterPol, for my international activity. Everybody has had me under the eye of a microscope for many years now, and for me to walk out scot-free — that was phenomenal, because the best in the world can be found guilty of some kind of an income tax indiscretion.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think the government got on your case in the first place?

**KING:** Well, they accused me of a lot of the unsavory things that white promoters have done before me. In a way, I was carrying the burden of the white guys who were there before me. When the IRS came at me, my greatest fear was that I'd be framed. As far as me being guilty of anything, I knew that wasn't going to be. The IRS came at me with about 23 charges — they threw a fishnet out, hoping to catch *something*.

**PLAYBOY:** Why would they have done that?

**KING:** Because, like many other people in America, they feel that blacks can't think. I'm a successful black, and even successful blacks are stereotyped to believe that they could not have been successful unless they were just a shield behind which some white was doing their thinking, directing and manoeuvring for them.

So coming from that basic view of blacks, they said to me, "How is it humanly possible for a nigger to think like you think? To do the things that you do, you've got to have either some racketeers or some mobsters behind you, because this is a sleazy business" — that's always been the image of boxing.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, it *is* a sleazy business, isn't it?

**KING:** No, it's not. Some of the people in it are sleazy — *that's* always been true. But the thing is, boxing has been disorganised, and all the stories you hear about it have been about organised crime and guys who shoot you or put cement shoes on you and throw you in the lake. That's who a lot of writers have associated me with. Isn't that preposterous? Can you imagine? If I have a mob, my mob must be pussies — they don't break no legs, they don't put nobody in cement shoes.

**PLAYBOY:** No one's charging you with being a mob leader, but you have been accused of some very unsavory practices. In 1977, for instance, you staged a national boxing tournament that collapsed when the press discovered that the records of many of the fighters involved were fraudulent. You take no responsibility for that?

**KING:** No, and it's a shame that happened, because that tournament was one of the greatest contributions I ever made to the sport of boxing. But then the discrepancies arose about some of the fighters' records, and that wasn't my doing. I worked with people who I felt were credible — I got James Farley of the New York Athletic Commission to oversee the whole thing, and I put *Ring* magazine, the bible of boxing, in charge of ranking fighters and knowing who they were. There was some shabby record-keeping on the part of *Ring* magazine, and when that was discovered, the media wanted to nail *me* to the cross. I was completely exonerated, but except for the *New York Post*, which put out a full, back-page story saying "King Innocent", the rest of the press buried news of my vindication in short paragraphs you had to dig for.

**PLAYBOY:** You've also been criticised for not promoting boxers unless they agree to give you options on upcoming fights that can tie them to you for years. Do you see nothing wrong with that?

**KING:** No, I don't. The press has made option a dirty word in boxing, yet *every* sport has options. In baseball you can't play for no other team until you play out your option and become a free agent. Football, hockey — they all got option clauses, and for a good reason: how *else* do you protect your business interests? If I've invested a great deal of time and millions of dollars in building up a fighter, and if he becomes a champion, should I just let him go off and work for another promoter? If I get a guy a title fight, he gives me options on his next three fights. I think that's equitable. I've also given people release on their contracts but you never hear about that. I'm accused of all sorts of things, but where's the proof?

Last year, *Sports Illustrated* assigned one of its writers to do a cover story on me, and for two months — helped by all kinds of documents I turned over to him — the man checked me out. When he turned in his work — he couldn't find no mark on me — his editors cancelled the story. They said, "We thought you were going to write that he's connected with the Mafia or something. Don't bring us *this* shit back — we don't want to *lionise* the nigger."

**PLAYBOY:** We'll be interested to see what *Sports Illustrated* has to say when this interview comes out. In the meantime, you really feel you've been victimised by the media?

**KING:** Yes, but I'm a victim who's well-briefed and who understands what the situation is. I learned years ago, in reading Shakespeare, that "Sweet are the uses of adversity which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head." The press has sometimes treated me badly, but I found the jewel in adversity. The jewel is being able to understand the other man's perspective. If I was raised in a society where I was told that a different race of people were of no account and lazy and untrustworthy, and that all they did was lie and steal — with that being instilled in me all through my life, I'd probably feel the same way as many reporters I meet.

So I try to teach white people about black people, because I *know* about white people. I've got a Ph.D. in Caucasianism, but they don't know about us. It's a shortcoming for whites not to know about us, because we do exist, and you would be proud to learn about us, my white brothers. We know when you're hurt. We know when you feel bad, and when that happens, so do we. We're worried about your children. Throughout the life of black people, though they've been enslaved, tormented, tortured, and persecuted — they've always taken care of the babies of the white master and his wife.

You never met another race of people like black people. During the Civil War of this great nation, there actually were slaves fighting for enslavement, as well as those who were fighting for liberty. Now you *know* it's incongruous that you would fight to be enslaved, but in many cases the love between the master's family and the slave far exceeded what was rational, given the circumstances.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's return to your early days in boxing. You said Ali was the first to suggest you make it a career. How did your friendship with him begin?

**KING:** That came from me knowing Ali before he was forced to give up his title over Vietnam. In those days I was in the numbers business in Cleveland, and whenever Ali — or any black celebrities — came through Cleveland, they would come to see me, because I was where the action was. All the musicians, all the people that were into the life would stop by my nightclub — the New Corner Tavern Supper Club. B.B. King, Esther Phillips, Lloyd Price, Muddy Waters, Oscar Peterson, Lou Rawls — they all played my club. Errol Garner — he wrote *Misty* — played so good that I put in a piano bar for him and bought a $10,000 Steinway which he'd just come by and play because it was tuned to his liking. The New Corner Tavern Supper Club took up a square block, seated about 600 people, had a revolving stage, and was posh, elegant and luxurious. In addition to the best entertainment in the world, we had great food. In 1960 I was paying my chefs $30,000 a year, and white folks used to come by all the time, the same way they used to go up to Harlem in New York. I had the carriage trade. I was one of the affluent and I used to go to all the big black outings of sophistication and glamor.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Ali's fights fall into that category?

**KING:** Oh yeah, they were like family reunions for all the players and hustlers, the money handlers and high rollers in the black community throughout the nation. I travelled with Ali. The last fight I went to with him was in 1967, when he gave a boxer named Zora Folley a payday at Madison Square Garden — Ali knocked him out. That was just before Ali went into exile and I went to prison — we both did four years.

**PLAYBOY:** You went to prison for killing a man named Sam Garrett. You've never discussed it in any detail. Can you tell us what happened.?

**KING:** I got into a fistfight in Cleveland. And out of the 10,000 daily fights in the ghetto, I had the misfortune to fight with a person who was sickly.

**PLAYBOY:** What led to the fight?

**KING:** Well, back then, most of the guys in the community who were getting out of prison knew they could come to me for help. I'd give them a few bucks and let them go on their way. When this guy Garrett got out of jail, friends of mine recommended him to me, so I gave him a job.

**PLAYBOY:** Doing what?

**KING:** I let him take some of my lay-off bets — those were bets I laid off with other bookies on numbers I thought might hit. He became one of my runners. Well, one day he comes back to me and says, "I have an overlook" — that's when there's an oversight. The bookmaker he laid off the bets with supposedly didn't pay him because the guy had no record of the bet. I gave this man the tissue on the book — the paperwork showing that the number was bet — to take over to this other bookmaker.

The next day he came back and he still didn't have the money. He said, "The guy still hasn't paid me, he keeps giving me stories." I said, "*You* stop making up stories."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**PLAYBOY:** You had checked?

**KING:** Other people had told me. So I said, "I can't play with you anymore." I wasn't going to do anything more than that because I had too much to lose by getting into big trouble in an argument over $1000 or so. So I just told him I was disassociating myself from him. That should have been it. We were in a bar and when I left, he followed me outside, saying, "Man, you can't stop playing with me." I said, "I just stopped. I don't want anything to do with you till you pay me my money; you bring me my money, then I'll listen."

Then this guy called me a Mickey Mouse motherfucker and attacked me from the rear. So we got into a fist fight, and his head hit the pavement. He went to hospital and I was charged with aggravated assault. Seven or eight days later, he expired. An untimely death. I found myself instrumental in the fatality of a fellow human being, and I've suffered deep contrition since then.

**PLAYBOY:** When Garrett died, was the charge upped to manslaughter?

**KING:** No. When the district attorney's office found out I was Donald King, the numbers man, the charges were upped to second-degree *murder.* It had happened in a hot part of Cleveland when the Hough riots were going on, and I guess the DA's office felt that in getting rid of Don King, it could rid Cleveland of all the evils that ailed it. They wanted to get rid of me because it was very difficult for them to understand my success in a time when blacks were protesting the way they were being treated. And here they saw a brash young black man, impeccably dressed and riding around in a 1956 Cadillac. When I finally came up for trial, however, the judge reduced the charge against me to manslaughter.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**KING:** Because it had been an accident — there wasn't wilful intent on my part. Witnesses to the fight had all seen that I'd been attacked without provocation. The primary reason, though, was that when the guy attacked me, I had a .357 magnum on the seat of my car and I didn't use it — and I could have gotten to it. I was getting in my car when he hit me from the back, and the gun was lying right there. But I left it sitting there on the seat.

**PLAYBOY:** You spent four and a half years in prison.

**KING:** Yes, I was sent to the Marion Correctional Institution in the southern part of Ohio, and it was a dark, dreary world of confinement. When I arrived, they still made all the blacks walk behind the whites. I got a job on the prison farm so I could get some fresh air. The farm boss gave me a wheelbarrow and said, "I hear you drove a Cadillac when you was out on the street. Here, grab *this* Cadillac." I had to clean the pigpen.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get along in prison?

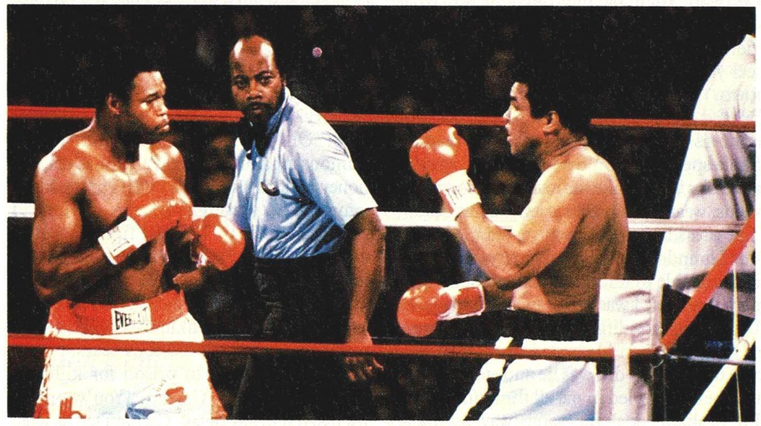
**KING:** I got along well because I always watch the lay of the land, you know what I mean? In Rome, you got to do what the Romans do. I found the guys in there that were the tough guys, got respect from them and made friends with them and didn't have no problems. My only problem was being there — it was hell, man. When you're in jail, you're totally isolated from family, friends, everybody. After a while, people don't write you letters and visits become fewer. That was the most painful, excruciating period of my life.

**PLAYBOY:** What were the differences between the Don King who went into prison and the Don King who came out?

**KING:** The Don King who went in was armed with a peashooter; the one who came out was armed with an atomic bomb of knowledge and understanding — I was now thinking universally, and in terms of society as a whole. I'd changed considerably.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you decide to do instead?

**KING:** My wife and I sat down and Henrietta strongly advised me to wait a few months — at least until the new year — before making any decisions regarding an occupation. That's when I started reading all the newspaper articles and seeing all the television news stories about how the Forest Cedar Hospital was gonna be shut down. Although raising money to save a hospital wasn't my forte, I got together with the pillars of black society in Cleveland and put on that exhibition with Ali.



*King: I said to Ali, "Man, ain't nothing gonna stop you."*

**PLAYBOY:** And that was when Ali encouraged you.

**KING:** Yes. But I told Ali I didn't want to be a promoter because I didn't know anything about boxing, but he said, "Man, you could promote anything. Just think about it and let me know what happens." A few days later Don Elbaum, the local boxing promoter who'd got me the fighters for the hospital benefit, came to dinner at my house and echoed Ali's words. It was Elbaum who introduced me to Hank Schwartz and Barry Burnstein, the two men who owned Video Techniques, an exhibition company that had bought the rights to the closed circuit telecast of the Joe Frazier-George Foreman fight. I went to see Hank Schwartz in New York, and after we talked awhile, he said, "You really know Ali?" When I told him I did, Hank said, "That's great. You know, there would be a big match for Ali with the winner of this fight." So Hank agreed to send me to Kingston, Jamaica, to see the Foreman-Frazier fight, and to help them promote it — he felt I could get Ali, Foreman and Frazier to do interviews.

**PLAYBOY:** And he thought you might be the one who could convince the winner to fight Ali?

**KING:** Yeah, he figured I might have an in — he later began calling me his "black interface." I said, "Well, we'll see what happens," and off I went to Jamaica.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you know Frazier and Foreman?

**KING:** I didn't know Foreman. George was a big cantankerous country kid from Texas, one of them mountain boys who was as powerful as all outdoors. He was a very different animal than Ali. You could excite Ali by talking about his greatness and relating his exploits, but George didn't want to hear stuff like that. And you didn't want to say anything that was facetious and you dare not make fun of George — he was most serious. His thing was to demonstrate to the world that he didn't have to be a clown to show he meant business. He considered Ali a clown.

**PLAYBOY:** What did he consider you?

**KING:** A friend — I really liked old George, and still do. George is making a comeback now, and if he keeps knocking out guys the way he's been doing he's gonna have some big paydays.

Anyway, let me just say that I ingratiated myself with George. I went with him to the airport every day to pick up members of his family. Once I started talking to him, I began telling him, "You're going to knock Joe out." He'd say, "You think so, man?" I told him, "Sure, you will. George, you don't know how good you are."

**PLAYBOY:** What was your impression of Frazier?

**KING:** Frazier was tough, tough, tough. In training, he would just kill his sparring partners. When me, him and Yank Durham, his manager would rap, Joe would say, "I'm gonna give Foreman a good whuppin', gonna teach him a lesson." He thought George was a baby, because George didn't have no experience. Foreman was big and strong, but so was Joe, and Joe felt he had the knowledge to take care of business.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you tell Foreman about any of this?

**KING:** I told him about it the very next day. George said, "Come on, man, you're jiving. Did Joe really say he's gonna knock me out?" I said, "Yeah, George, he told me that, but you're going to knock *him* out. You're going to shock the world." And he did.

**PLAYBOY:** Did that surprise you?

**KING:** Yeah, because he did it so easily. On fight night, I got into a limousine with Durham and Joe Frazier, and rode to the stadium with soldiers on both sides of us, sirens all the way. Yank had told me to sell my tickets and gave me a seat in the first row, right behind Joe's corner.

So I'm sitting there, and when the bell rings to start the fight, George runs out there and hits Joe, and Joe goes down, gets up, goes down, gets up — boom, boom, boom. Joe was getting pummelled, so I started moving down the row over to George's corner. When the bell rang at the end of round one, I was in the middle of the aisle. Everybody was standing up and cheering because George done bounced Frazier up and down like a rubber ball.

When round two started, George ran out of his corner and hit Joe with another haymaker — *bang!*. He hit him so hard that Joe was lifted up in the air; I've never seen anything like that. They stopped the fight quick; Foreman won by a technical knockout. When the fight was over, I shot up the steps and jumped into the ring with George and said, "Champ, I told you so." He said, "You sure did." We're hugging and I'm telling him how proud I am of him and George says, "You've got to come home with me," so I did.

I came to the fight with one champion and left with the new champion, again with the police escorts and sirens going. I really loved being part of the hoop-la and electricity that surrounds a heavyweight championship fight. Then and there is when I decided to get into boxing full-time.

**PLAYBOY:** And you began making moves in that direction when you returned from Jamaica?

**KING:** Yes. When I came back, I went to see Ali at his training camp in Deer Park, Pennsylvania. I told Ali how excited I was about the whole thing, and that I wanted to take him up on what he said about me getting into boxing. Well, Ali had a fighter in his camp named Ray Anderson, a light-heavyweight who'd fought Bob Foster for the title. Ali told me I should become a manager, introduced me to Anderson and said, "You ought to start out with this guy." So I talked to Ray, and he agreed to let me manage him.

**PLAYBOY:** Had you thought of becoming a manager at that point?

**KING:** No, but it was a good place to start, even if it meant starting at the bottom. Ray told me about another fighter I should manage: Earnie Shavers. Shavers had knocked out some tough fighters and he had a pretty good name. Earnie was big and strong and looked very mean, but he was just like a pussycat when you talked to him. Ray said that Earnie had never had a break, and that if I worked with him, Earnie could go a long ways. I said okay and Ray told Shavers about me and it was fine with him. So now I had two fighters, and I needed to get them bouts.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that hard to do?

**KING:** No, because I decided to personally promote a fight for Ray Anderson in Cleveland and told him he could hand-pick his opponent. Ray said, "I got just the guy — Cookie Wallace from Dallas. This is a guy who comes to fight. I know I can beat him, and since he makes a good fight, I'll look *good* in beating him." I said fine, and called up Cookie Wallace, who turned out to be a baggage handler for Braniff Airlines at Dallas Airport. When I got him on the phone, Cookie said he'd try to put on a good show for me, and I believed him. I'd rented out the Cleveland Music Hall, and I just didn't want the fight to be a stinker.

*When round two started Foreman ran out of his corner and hit Frazier with another haymaker — bang. He hit him so hard that Joe was lifted up in the air.*

**PLAYBOY:** *Was* it a stinker?

**KING:** Not at all. On the night of the fight, Ray Anderson came to the Music Hall in a full length mink coat, a pretty lady at his side, and he'd been training and he was *ready.* And Cookie — he was this guy who just couldn't stop grinning.

Well, the fight starts and Ray's out there, dancing and hitting Cookie — and Cookie's still grinning. He just kept grinning and kept coming back at Ray. And then he started *pounding* on Ray. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I said, "This is the guy he *picked!*" Cookie won the fight easy, and after that Ray's image was really ruined. It was truly embarrassing for me, too. Everybody in Cleveland who had known me from my days in the numbers business — all the players, the boosters, the pimps, and the whores — were there for one reason: to see DK's fighter. And my fighter got beat by a guy he hand-picked all the way from Texas, a *likeable* fellow who never stopped grinning.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your other fighter?

**KING:** I got Earnie a fight with Jerry Quarry in Madison Square Garden. Great prospects there, too — Ali broke training to come see the fight. Only problem there was that the bell rang and Quarry knocked my man Shavers out in the first round.

**PLAYBOY:** Not cut out to be a manager, eh?

**KING:** Oh, that boy beat on Shavers *so* bad. The next day Ali called me up. He said, "I know you're disgusted and you probably want to get out of boxing, but don't. Send your fighter to my camp. I'll teach him how to box."

**PLAYBOY:** Were you considering hanging it up?

**KING:** I didn't know *what* I was going to do. I was very upset. But when Ali called me I said, "Look, if you really want to help me and keep me in boxing, why don't you let me promote *you?*" Ali said, "I already got a fight coming up." He was scheduled for a return bout with Joe Frazier, who'd broken his jaw and won a decision in their first fight. I told him, "Ali, you're gonna win easy. After you beat Joe, you should let me put you and George Foreman together for the world title." He said, "You think I'm gonna beat Joe?" I said, "Man, ain't nothing gonna stop you."

Well, that really got Ali going. Ali went off on me for about 10 minutes talking about how he was gonna dance and sting Frazier all night. He whipped himself up so high, at some point he probably started wondering why he was going through all these gyrations during a telephone call. When he calmed down, Ali said, "How much you gonna pay me to fight George Foreman?" I said, "Five million dollars."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have that figure in mind before you got on the phone with him?

**KING:** No, I didn't even know he was going to call. I *did* know that the biggest purse in the history of boxing had been 2.5 million apiece for Ali and Frazier in their first fight. In order to get anybody's attention, I figured I'd have to double that, so I just said five million off the top of my head.

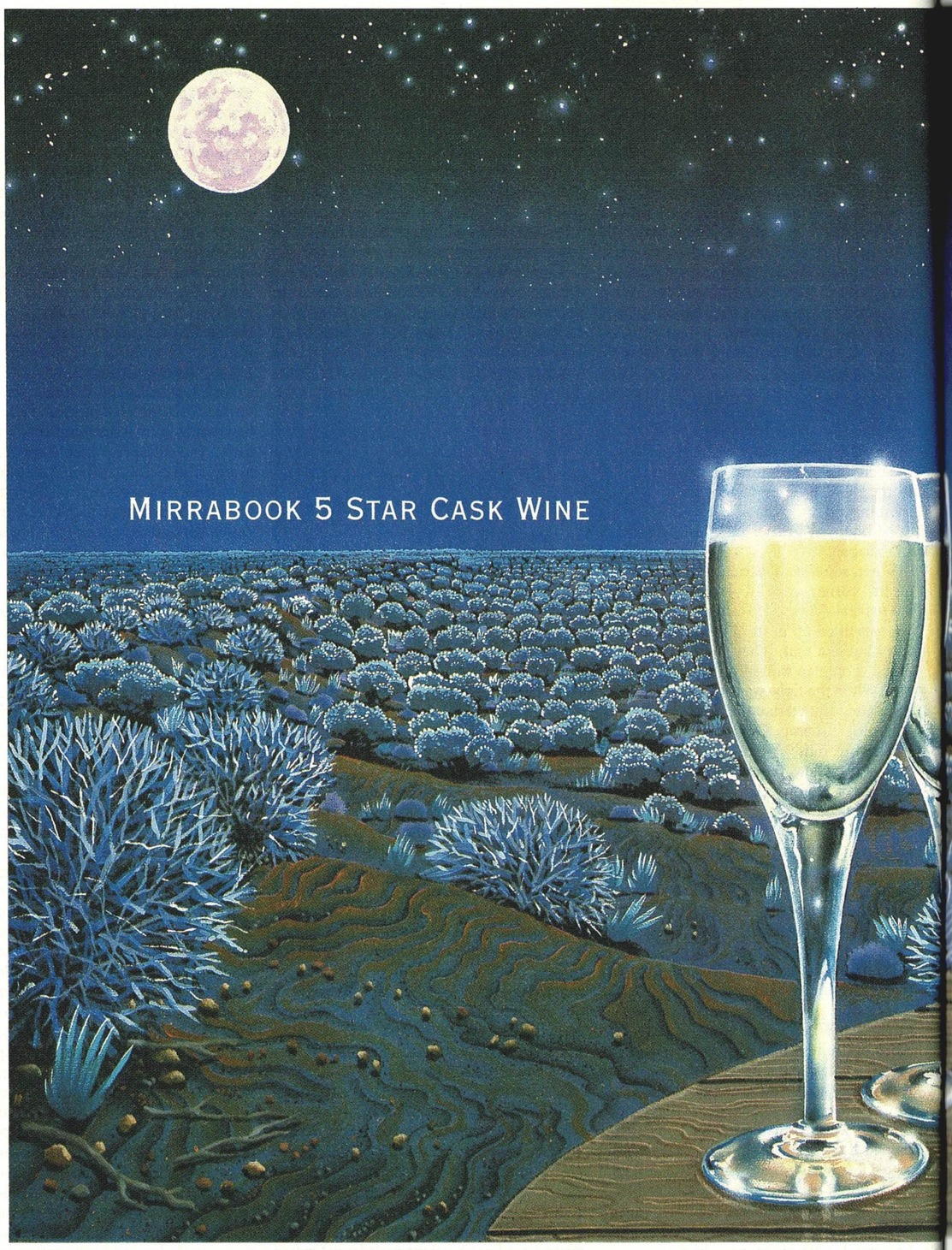
**PLAYBOY:** What was Ali's reaction?

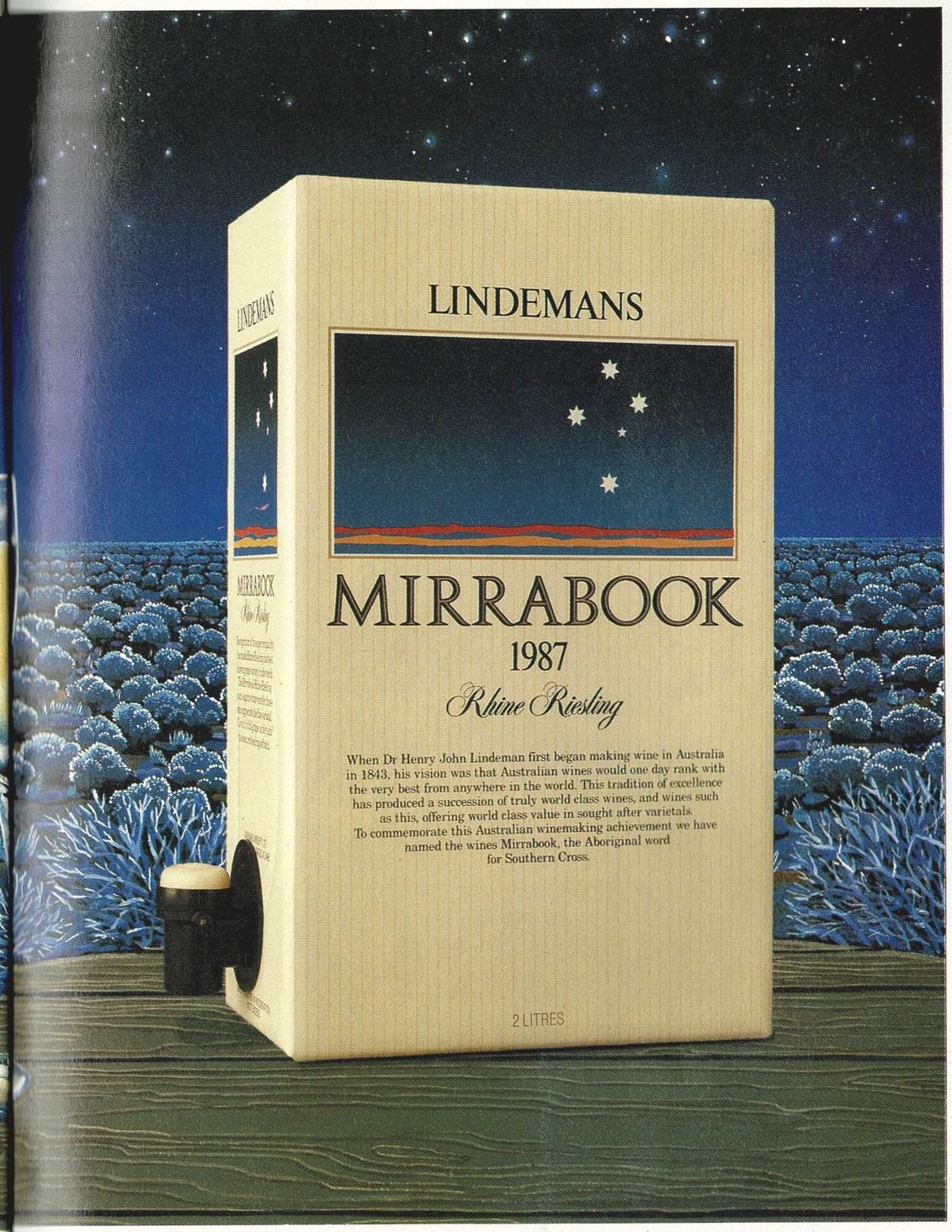
**KING:** Ali said, "Nigger, you crazy."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you talk to Foreman about fighting Ali while you were both in Tokyo?

**KING:** No, because I didn't spend too much time with him — besides helping Video Techniques, I was a manager, and all the guys around George were watching me very closely. By then, Hank Schwartz and Barry Burnstein had welcomed me into their company, so now I was part of Video Techniques. Hank showed me how to make money on a closed circuit fight — how much attendance you need, what the equipment costs, how to make deals with sponsors, everything. He really took me under his wing, even though he knew that one day I'd leave the company and go out on my own. After we came back from Japan, we promoted the fight in Caracas, Venezuela, between George and Ken Norton, and I played a big part in holding it together, because Norton's people kept wanting to pull out. Every time they had a beef about their accommodation or transportation or tickets, whatever was bothering them, I smoothed things over and saved the fight. It turned out that Norton's style was tailor-made for George just like Frazier's. George knocked him out quick.

*(continued on page 115 )*

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***. . . and let slip the dogs of war. Australian film-maker Steve Levitt tells how he stumbled across a massacre in Mozambique.***

I HAD SWORN I WOULD NEVER FILM IN AFRICA AGAIN. THREE MONTHS EARLIER I HAD BEEN IN THE SOUTH of Sudan covering the conflict there. Only luck got me a seat on an overcrowded Pilatus Porter that winged me to safety. My media opposition, an ITN crew, weren't so lucky. Making their way out by land they hit a mine. Later I learnt that my pilot savior, a mad Dutch-

man called Eddie, had been shot down pulling much the same stunt that he used to save my butt. The SPLA had strafed him taking off overloaded in a hot zone. So long Eddie and farewell to my last African war.

But there's no point denying it, I needed a job and here was Fionna, talking in her lawyer-like logical way, being persuasive, calling on old memories. We had made an award-winning doco together in Eritrea and she had backed me when things turned bad with the NPA in Mindanao in the Philippines and I needed her most. Now she was saying Mozambique.

I rang around. Many of my photojournalist friends had tried it at one stage or another but had been unable to get past the mind-numbing bureaucracy and security. Stories of photographers being arrested and gear confiscated were common. Among Africa hands it is known that the two hardest countries to cover are Angola and Mozambique. Angola may be marginally more dangerous, but you are only talking about degrees in hell. "No way breathing." This time I was going to put my foot down.

The rain drifted across the tarmac at Sydney's Mascot airport as our Jumbo ascended through the tumbling layers of cloud. I had brought the flu with me from Melbourne and kept waiting for my head to cave in like a styrofoam coffee cup. There was a stop-over in Harare for visas, and from there to the Mozambican capital Maputo took three hours, the same distance as Melbourne to Brisbane, and with the palm trees and sandy beaches you could almost be landing in Queensland, but for the rows of Soviet M1 gunships lined up near the runway.

Maputo was once a beautiful port city built along Mediterranean lines, with wide tree-lined avenues and ordered suburbs of elegant *casas.* From a distance everything still looks fine, but as you get closer you notice the cracked pavement and the pot-holes in the streets. For Maputo it is like the world stopped 12 years ago when the white Portuguese left en masse, taking with them their money and their expertise. A tall building on the beach tells the story. It was to be a hotel, but when independence came the Portuguese owners poured concrete down the lift wells. Now the wind blows through the empty windows making an eery sound, a monument to bloody-mindedness.

Peeling paint and broken windows, power and water failures are all part of life in Maputo. When you find a lift which works it is a good idea to test the flooring before putting your weight on it. Out in the streets armed patrols regularly stopped us and checked our documents. We had arrived on the anniversary of the revolution, many African heads of state were in town and security was tight.

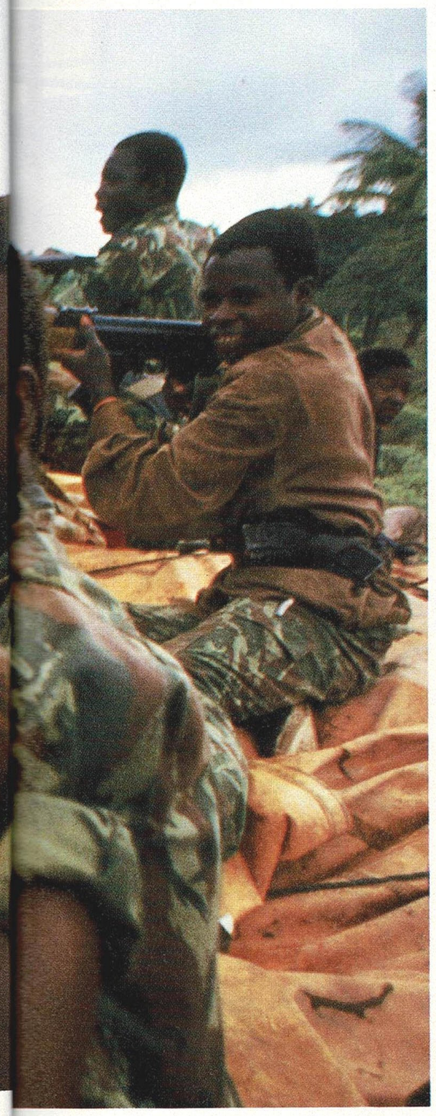
We were "invited" to cover the presidential speech in Victory Square. For four blistering hours President Chissano addressed the assembled crowd. Dead heroes looked down on us from giant billboards and praised the revolution in Portuguese: "*La luta continua*". The struggle continues. Too bloody right, I was struggling to stay awake. If any of our pollies tried to pull a stunt like this at home they would find themselves on the dole. All the same, we did get invited to the presidential dinner.

I'm always incorrectly attired for some reason or another — I had come expecting to spend a long time in the bush and had dressed accordingly. But even the Soviet reporters had managed to find suits for the dinner, while Fionna and I felt conspicuous in our denims. The party was an outside affair which included a rock'n'roll band. It all started formally enough but the beer and the wine flowed freely and pretty soon the wheels began to fall off. *Tass* reporters were telling Western press people what they really thought. Ties became loosened and the smiling and back-slapping reached frenzied proportions. Our security officers got into trouble for letting me get too close to the President. He was jiving and doing some neat turns. I felt that it needed to be shot with a wide angle lens.

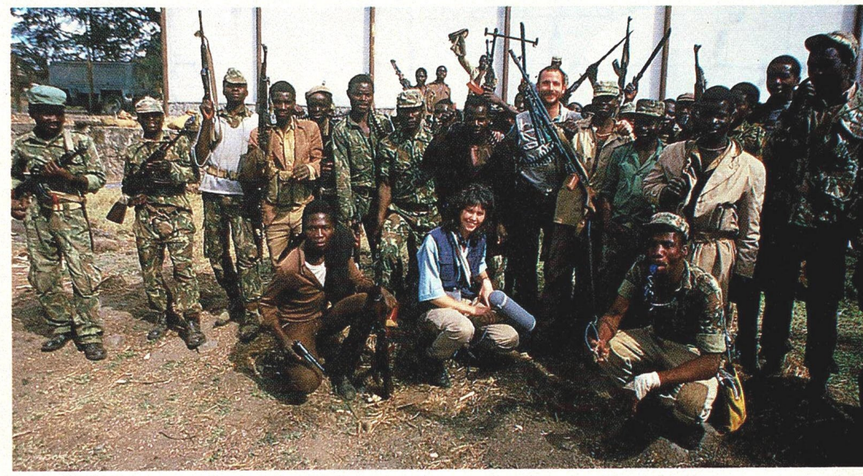
In my cups I can recall having a long conversation with Archbishop Tutu but I always get blown away by celebrities and I can't remember what was said. I can only hope the reverend gentleman was feeling a little merry too. We seem to have parted good friends with me saying something like "Bruce Ruxton's not a bad bloke when you get to know him." I don't know him so that should give you some idea of the effect of the local beer.

The celebrations over, it was business as usual. The Mozambicans have inherited the worst style of bureaucracy from their Portuguese colonisers and have added Marxism just to make sure that nothing can be actually achieved. It was weeks after we arrived before we were ready to go up country.

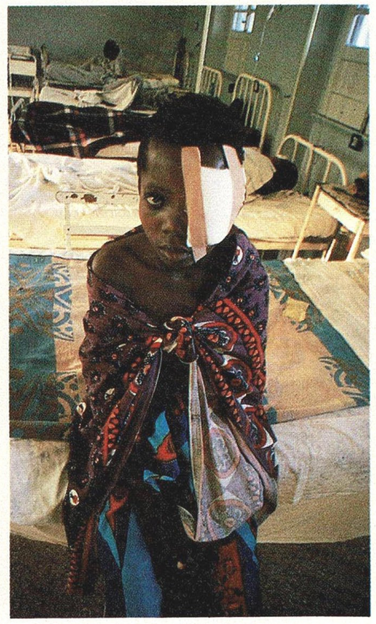
Tete is a strategic town on the main road to Zimbabwe. A single-span bridge crosses the Zambezi and a garrison of Zimbabwean troops is stationed there to defend the bridge and to provide military escorts for the convoys. There are several African armies involved in the conflict in Mozambique as well as Soviet and British advisers. The Zimbabweans have 12,000 troops stationed throughout the country and tend to take the brunt of the heaviest fighting. They are disciplined and well trained. The Mozambicans, by contrast, are poorly equipped and unpredictable. The garrison commander is a mysterious Colonel Hickman, an American ex-Vietnam vet and a legendary figure in the area, a cross between the Phantom and Rambo. We didn't get to meet him. He had lost a helicopter in a recent battle and was keeping a low profile.



On my second day in Tete I set my camera up to film an armed convoy. The Zimbabweans supply the armor for these convoys and really don't like having their pictures taken, as was explained to me at length by the head of the local military intelligence after our arrest. They let us go after making us sit in the 40 degree heat for four hours. They were only doing their job.



The drought has hit the Northern Zambezi area pretty hard. On top of this 10,000 guerrillas have come in from the Malawi side and ravaged most of the towns and villages. Hundreds of thousands of people have been forced to flee their homes, swelling the numbers in the makeshift camps. These people are called the *dislacadoes:* they are refugees in their own land.



Moatize is a small town in the province of Tete in the north-west of the country. Once a railway siding and a graveyard for disused carriages it is typical of the many improvised refugee camps that have sprung up over the past few years. For the 5000 men, women and children who live there, completely dependent on foreign aid for their food and medicine, it is a place of endless waiting.

*Far left: Zimbabweans supply the armor for convoys. Above: Lawyer-like Fionna with our author/film-maker and friends. Left: Children are the worst casualties in an ugly war. Right: Train-wrecks are a feature of the Mozambique landscape.*

Simeo is 40 years old; he told me his story sitting on a stack of old tyres that served as furniture in his railway carriage home. "I was a schoolteacher in a town 100 kilometres to the south of here. One night the bandits attacked us without any warning. When the shooting began my wife strapped our baby to her back and I grabbed our two little boys. We tried to escape but in the dark we became separated. I hid the two boys in some bushes and went back to find my wife and the baby. It was nearly dawn before I found them. She had been caught and the bandits raped her even while she was holding on to the baby. Fortunately they did not kill her but just left them near the house. When the sun came up we had to hide ourselves and wait. Once it was dark we made our way to where I had hidden the children but they were gone. I could tell by the tracks that the bandits had taken them. We just sat and cried."

While we were filming in the camp eight children between the ages of seven and nine

*(continued on page 108)*

# PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

*DESIREE BROWN SHOWS WHY SHE'S HOT.*

*PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON*

FURNITURE BY FREEDOM FURNITURE

Our 1988 Playmate Of The Year is sensual and elegant Desiree Brown. This attractive dark-haired beauty from Sydney first appeared as our Miss August 1987 in an exciting spread that was much talked about. Desiree also appeared on the cover of the August '87 issue, which possibly might explain why that edition was a best-seller. Since making her debut in Australian Playboy, lovely Desiree has been making waves in the modelling world, and has ''starred'' in some of Australia's best advertisements.

For example, she appeared in much-applauded Gilbey's Gin "Melted Room" ads.
The models were told: "You better look hot, my friends" , and Desiree did that to perfection. According to the art director, Michael Jansen of the Clemenger ad agency, Desiree was a pleasure to work with. Jansen commented that not only was she beautiful and talented, but also she had a real eye for good photography, and helped choose the shot which had the right feel and attitude.

*Desiree was thrilled when she discovered her new status as our very special ninth Australian Playmate Of The Year. She's ambitious without being overbearing, and she realises that becoming Playmate Of The Year will propel her to new status in the modelling industry. She said: ''I'm set now. I'm going to put my head down and work hard to show everyone that I'm the right choice, that I am Playmate Of The Year, and that the judges and all the readers who voted for me really do know how to pick a winner.''*
*All we can say is: ''Hear, hear!''*

# ALL THAT HER HEART DESIRES

*DESIREE, OUR DELIGHTFUL NEW PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR, HAS WON ALL THE WAY DOWN THE LINE.*

*We visualise our Playmate Of The Year sailing along in a vehicle fit for a princess. What more fitting, then, than the Fiat Regata, a car which features all the very best in all-over Italian design. The new Regata signals a major move by Fiat into the up to two litre luxury market with its 1.5 litre single overhead cam, four-cylinder engine, handsome interior and smoother ride. The new Regata has reduced noise levels, improved fuel economy, and the power to accelerate out of stressful situations. With its sporty character Desiree is likely to finish any run with a feeling of exhilaration!*

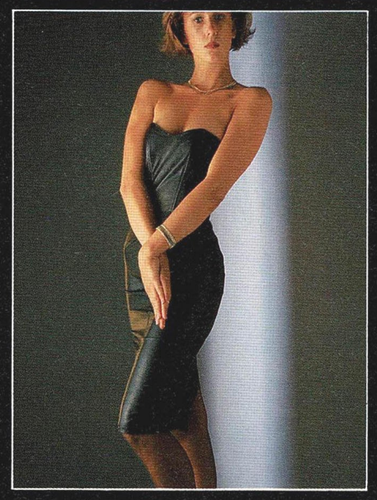
*1988 is one year that Desiree is likely to do a lot of celebrating — and not just for the Bicentenary! With four cases of Charles Heidsieck non-vintage champagne on hand any party is likely to go with a bang! And for quieter forms of entertainment there are ample supplies of Galliano Sambuca, Amaretto and Liquore Galliano, three classic liqueurs from Italy.*

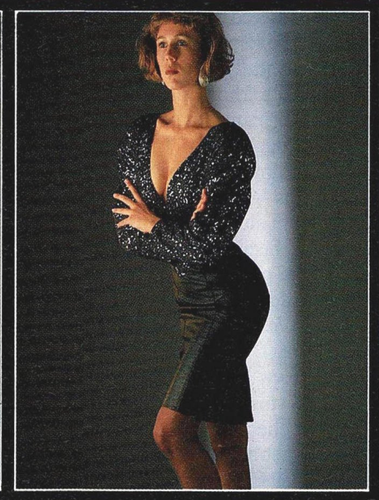
***DREAM WEEKEND WINNER***

*Lucky Desiree has scored herself a weekend on beautiful Hamilton Island. And dare we say it, even more lucky is John Sibley of Adelaide who has the chance to share that weekend with her after winning our great Playmate Of The Year competition. Smart work, John, and many thanks to the thousands of readers who didn't quite manage to describe their dream weekend with Desiree as well as John did.*

*Our Playmate Of The Year is guaranteed the time of her life. She has also won the timepiece of her life, an elegant water-resistant watch from the Raymond Weil Geneve Fidelio collection with Champagne Spinel dial and 18ct gold-plated case and bracelet. And, for the girl who's won the crown of Playmate Of The Year, the jewels to go with the crown: from the Ferrari Designer collection, Desiree collects a Cleopatra necklet, a Cleopatra bracelet, hoop ear-rings and a hand-worked fob chain, all in 9ct solid gold.*

*Just imagine a hi-fi system which, in addition to all the state-of-the-art components, also includes a video and a television. Well, that is in fact just what Desiree is getting from JVC: a Midi system with compact disc player, a model HR-D470 video and a model C-140AU television, with lots of blank tapes to keep her going. But that's just for starters! In addition there's a portable hi-fi system with a built-in CD, digital headphones, car cassette player with speakers front and rear, and car amplifier. To cap it all off there's a VideoMovie camera with five compact video tapes. And a top-of-the-range portable stereo headphone set. What more could a girl ask for — in the audio-visual line!*





*Is Frantik the finest leather gear in the world? We think so — that's why our Playmate Of The Year is receiving a wardrobe of Frantik leather clothes. ''Playing the skin game'' is ideal for someone with a figure like our Desiree.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KARL SCHWERDTFEGER

*Forget the "no pain, no gain" syndrome. Get fit sensibly.*

# The Fitness Myth

*Article by*
**WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG**

IN THE RICH, winy days of heretofore, when the measure of envied achievement passed from Albert Schweitzer to Arnold Schwarzenegger, the best that could be said of exercise was that it wouldn't affect your mind. Today, you'd better hope that it does.

For something dramatic is happening today along the jogging path and in the gyms of Australia. Exercise is losing its old cachet. For years, the hype and hustle grew so remorselessly that exercise reached the point where it was using us; we weren't using it. Exercise became not a pastime but a tyranny, not a means to an end but an end in itself. It demanded, not reality, but an unswerving, unthinking fealty. And the faithful complied; they scooped up all the latest exercise gear peddled by ad agencies; they jumped and pumped at noontime aerobics class; they banged their way along the jogging paths, they sweated and grunted on the floor to the latest tapes. And, lo, it was good. They felt good.

But was it healthy? Of course it was! It was exercise! And, until recently, few questioned its salutary effect. Few asked, why run a marathon without building the strength to raise your own kid over your head? Why develop the static strength to lift goods wagons while having so little stamina that carrying a letter to the mailbox caused heavy breathing? An almost Nazi-like belief in the virtues of exercise prevailed in the culture.

Through the '60s and '70s the number of people into exercise rose inexorably. But round about the mid-80s surveys began to show the numbers dropping — along with sales of exercise-related equipment. Because clearly, not everyone was getting well, or even fit, from exercise. Not a few of the hardy faithful were coming up sore or limping or... worse. Some who went into exercise also went into traction. Doctors began seeing a significant increase in everyday exercise-related ailments from shin splints to "tennis toe" (bleeding and bruising under the big toe when it's repeatedly jammed against the shoe in sudden stops) to eyeball injuries.

Doctors also began seeing a significant number of exotic exercise-oriented ailments from "runner's nipple" to "ischemic neuropathy of the penis" — a numb penis in bike-riders caused when the saddle crimps off the blood supply to the pubic area. Suddenly the question was unavoidable: if exercise is so good for you, how come so many people are getting sick doing it?

The retort from the fitness industry was "no gain without pain". You had to feel really bad before you could hope to feel good. But does this make sense? Is it rational to "fight through pain" in exercise when every other precept of medicine holds that pain is a primary signal, a warning that something is wrong and that you'd better stop what you're doing? Suppose pain were a precursor, not to pleasure, but to more pain? And to death?

In the towering, tragic figure of Jim Fixx — arguably the most celebrated runner in the jogging pantheon — one can find everything that is rich and bewildering in the crisis that faced the so-called fit. For if Fixx had ever asked himself the critical question ("Why am I *doing* this?") and received a candid answer, the answer might have saved his life. The truth is that he was not running so much as fleeing: he was fleeing his family health history. His father suffered a devastating heart attack at 36 and died of another heart attack at 42. Many experts believe that such a history is *the* single most important factor affecting longevity. Jim Fixx knew this and began running, at the age of 36, but running didn't save him. Indeed, it might have made him more susceptible, for he suffered from an on-going stress, perhaps further stimulated by his growing celebrity as the apostle of running and best-selling author of *Running* and *Jim Fixx's Book Of Running* (he was known to take valium before his TV appearances and public speeches). Jim Fixx became mesmerised, almost tyrannised, by running. When he suffered his own series of heart attacks — he kept them secret, telling neither his family nor his doctor — he surrendered to the Canons Of Exercise instead of the canons of common sense: he ran through pain. In two to four weeks, he ran through four different heart attacks — and made it three times.

On the hot summer evening when he died he was fleeing celebrity toward solitude. In the process of writing another book, he had rented a lakeside cabin in northern Vermont to be alone and concentrate. During the long hot drive to upper New England, he apparently decided to stop a few kays short of the cabin and check into a motel, go for a run, then get a good night's sleep. He may even have felt a congestion or pain

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO CRAFT

in his chest as he decided to stop: an autopsy revealed one of his coronary arteries was 99 percent obstructed by fatty deposits in the bloodstream; another was 80-85 percent obstructed; a third was 70 percent obstructed.

The lonely death of the long-distance runner perhaps did more to trigger the crisis in exercise than any other event.

There are points beyond which exercise is of very limited use. This is a startling concept; the long-time view of the Old Guard was that it was difficult, if not impossible, to ever reach such a point. But in current research, the useful limit of exercise comes before or when the individual expends 5000 calories a week (or 80 to 100km of running, depending on the individual). Beyond that level there is a fall-off in performance and in aerobic improvement. Swimmers found that they improved on a work-out discipline of 5000m a day rather than the oft-accepted 10,000m a day. Two marathon runners who'd taken a six-month hiatus from running were found to have shown "dramatic improvement in aerobic capacity" on a retraining program of 40km a week, but that the rate-of-improvement dwindled as their work-out routines edged up to 80km a week, flattened out as they increased the regimen to 130km a week, and disappeared altogether above that.

Up until the current crisis, every claim about the value of exercise was supported by an "inviolable" statistical proof. Suddenly, though, both the proof and the statistics began to look like they were as reliable as a devil's smile. It's not just that special-interest groups play manipulative games with statistics. It's that respectable researchers undertook to prove that exercise can save you from everything from terminal dimpling to meteor splat. And the flaw was not so much in what they said but in what they didn't say.

Consider pioneering research in the field, published in the early 1950s, that "proved" that exercise lessened heart disease and extended the life span. The study compared longevity for drivers on the London bus system with that of conductors on the same system. That the conductors did far better statistically than the drivers was attributed to exercise alone. Certainly the drivers did little but sit behind the wheel, cursing gently, while the conductors were in aerobic action, bouncing up and down the stairway between the two levels of the London buses, hustling remorselessly for money and tickets, hopping on and off the buses at stops to shepherd passengers aboard.

But what about other differences between the two groups? A difference in their ages? in obesity? in the family health histories? Workers who are older, and are obese, and are aware that their fathers and grandfathers were immobilised or killed by heart disease might actually choose sit-down jobs when they apply for work — they might *prefer* to be drivers.

Any or all of these factors may have been as important as exercise in its effect on heart-disease and longevity. In fact, the bus drivers turned out to be more obese than the conductors at the time they started work in the London bus system. But that statistic was uncovered too late to influence the publicised results of the study. It was a typical case of the triumph of dogma.

Another distortion — in fact, my favorite such grotesquerie — involves the assertion, published in the *New York Times* and the *Reader's Digest* in the mid-1970s, that exercise is indisputably good for you because it is good for the Masai warriors of East Africa. These warriors had, it was reported, larger arteries than do their counterparts among males. In addition, the arteries in the Masai warriors kept getting larger with age while those of caucasian males did not. The assumption was that coronary arteries as large as those in Masai warriors would be beneficial for caucasian males — the proof was not stated — and the *only* reason that caucasian males did not reach this goal was lack of exercise. Both publications pointed out that Masai warriors walk an average of 20km a day to herd their cattle while caucasian males only rarely hike so far. It was persuasive stuff.

Of course, nobody mentioned other factors that might influence the warriors' arteries. For instance, the Masai often grew to extreme heights (well over two metres) and might thus need larger arteries — developed through the millennia in an evolutionary process — to meet the demand for blood-flow over such a large frame. Masai warriors also walk around nearly naked while tending their cattle — and that places a certain demand on blood circulation to the skin. Certainly the most pertinent factor was not mentioned at all: Masai warriors have a much shorter life span than caucasian males, about 20 years or so on average. Take the available evidence and make another conclusion: the Masai exercise more and they die sooner. Do they die sooner *because* they exercise more? Or would that be considered simplistic?

All of which is not to say that exercise is bad for you. To be sure, mindless exercise is dumb of you and *perhaps* bad for you. But it is not the exercise that is bad; it is the mindlessness. On the one hand, it can lead to your going to your death by rote — without thinking — as Jim Fixx did. On the other hand, it can lead you to unreasonable expectations, as the statistics do. The trick is to bring your mind into play. Literally.

If some of the benefits of exercise have escaped you, other benefits might surprise you. The Gallup Poll once reported that 43 percent of the adults it surveyed said that they enjoyed greater creativity because of their exercise. Creativity! That wasn't something the fitness pitchmen touted. In a specific case, a report by A.H. Ismail and L.E. Trachtman on the impact of exercise on out-of-shape members of a particular university faculty showed that they felt they had a pronounced increase in imagination. Imagination! That wasn't something that the fitness pitchmen touted either.

Then Dr Sol Roy Rosenthal, at the time a professor in the University of Illinois Research Hospital in Chicago, reported a definite benefit from exercise that involved a certain risk.

One benefit was personal. In his research, Dr Rosenthal had been stymied by a laboratory problem which, after weeks of work, left him wearied and frustrated. To get a break he turned to a daring form of sport: he went timber-racing. Timber racing is a dangerous run through woods, where any low-hanging bough or gnarled root can suddenly bring down both rider and horse. Dr Rosenthal does not remember today who won the race. What he does remember is the unprecedented "high" he experienced after the race: the rush of exhilaration, of euphoria. He felt a strong sharpening of his mental powers and a heightening of his senses. In particular he remembers that, as he headed back home, he suddenly hit on the answer to his impenetrable lab problem.

Intrigued, Rosenthal soon found that many other participants in high-risk activity or sport reported a similar euphoria, not every time, not with all the same intensity, but with a sufficient consistency for Rosenthal to offer, as a general theory, the Rosenthal Effect. Risk exercise, went the theory, provoked a psychic reaction that left the exerciser feeling, for a few minutes or a few hours, able to cope, to handle and solve problems. It provided a profound insight, said Rosenthal, such "that his life and mind have been enormously enhanced".

For the everyday exerciser, the most dramatic frontier was the new concept being formulated by some researchers and called Hi-Psy. This approach was oriented to the individual, not — as in Dr Rosenthal's theory — to the sport. In Hi-Psy, the response does not rest upon the risk of the exercise; rather it depends upon the attitudes and input of the exerciser. Most individuals invest a high psychic input in activities such as skiing or sky-diving or rock-climbing, and get a consequent high psychic reward — while the psychic input invested in golf or tennis or walking is low and so the psychic reward is low or non-existent. Hi-Psy allows for the person to literally choose the measure of psychic response he wants by the psychic investment he makes in his exercise-of-choice. The higher the psychic input, the sharper the psychic reward.

To this, add one more advantage: in Hi-Psy you get the return today. If you jog just 25km a week — what Dr Cooper now offers as a useful pace for aerobic conditioning — then you will, in the next 40 years, jog 52,000km (around the world and then some) without ever having been anywhere. But in the new regimen, reaching to the psychical as well as the physical, the reward is immediate and intimate. The individual can make a choice-of-exercise that will give him a pronounced reward — assuming he designs his involvement in the exercise correctly.

*(Get smart. Get fit sensibly by studying Australian Playboy's minimum maintenance chart on pages 94 and 95.)*

*"A new survey just released turns up some interesting facts about what people would like to see on TV."*

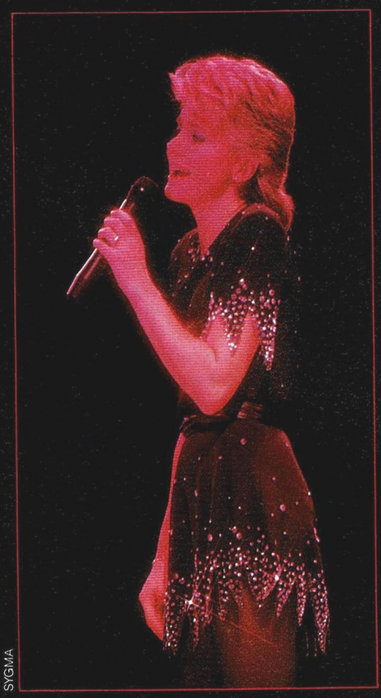
HOW FORMER SYDNEY ROADIE ROGER DAVIES BECAME AN INTERNATIONAL ROCK'N'ROLL MANAGER BY CONVINCING OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN TO DROP HER GIRL-NEXT-DOOR IMAGE, BY CONVINCING TINA TURNER TO BECOME THE WORLD'S RAUNCHIEST GRANDMOTHER, AND BY TRYING TO CONVINCE MICK JAGGER TO BE COOL WITHOUT BEING PRIMITIVE. ANTHONY O'GRADY DOCUMENTS DAVIES' ROCK-TO-RICHES SAGA.

# THE STARMAKER OF OZ

"I'M SORRY," SAYS the receptionist of the Sebel Townhouse, in smooth flowing, honeyed tones, "Mr Davies has checked out of the hotel." But Roger Davies — one of the few men in the world who rejoices in the reputation of being able to create rock'n'roll superstars — is in the hotel all right. He's booked into a suite as David Rogers, seeking a few days peace and delight with his English girlfriend, Camilla, before she flies off to Los Angeles, and he to the Far East.

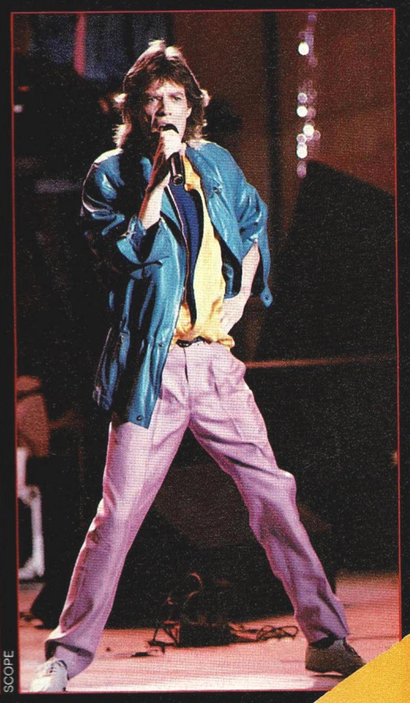
The real bonus of this planned anonymity is that up to 90 percent of his calls are aborted at the Sebel switchboard. Sometimes it seems the whole world is trying to call Mr Roger Davies.

He receives calls at 4am from royalty in Austria, at 11.30pm from bored superstars in Barbados, and as soon as it's office hours in Los Angeles, London or New York, everyone from the most mighty moguls, to the most obnoxious scam merchants, has no hesitation in calling him to harangue, cajole,



SYGMA

SCOPE



SCOPE

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY NOLAN

or humbly ask advice.

"It doesn't matter what time it is, where I am," says Davies, "as long as they're in their office, they assume I'm operating on the same schedule."

And, seeing how he's Australian born and bred, with a reputation for not having rejected his heritage, when he's in Australia the telephone tintinnabulation becomes truly torturous.

Dodgy managers with dodgy bands: "Hey, Roger! Great to talk to yer again, mate! We met for two seconds at a reception in 1978. Well, I was just a roadie then, but now I've got this band who. . . "

Dodgy bands with dodgy managers: "Hello, Mr. Davies, you've probably heard of us, we had a single out last year. . . "

"All these people crawling out of the woodwork," sighs Roger. "I know I've never met 90 percent of them. . . "

Hold on a moment, Paris calling, Mick's on the line wondering about the chances of him and Tina getting together in Tokyo next month. Mick Jagger, that is, consulting Roger Davies about Tina Turner's concert schedule. Jagger will be in Japan same time as Tina, is there a chance they could do a combined show? Roger is sure there is, he'll call him back.

Roger is Tina Turner's manager, the man credited with masterminding her from a fading rhythm'n'blues cult heroine, into the most popular female entertainer in the world today. For two and a half years Davies also worked with Jagger, helping him put the *Primitive Cool* album together, and it really pisses Roger off that Jagger ended up blowing it.

"I like Mick very much and just last week he did ring up and admit that he only had himself to blame for the album not working as well as it should have. He approached me after he and Tina got together for the Live Aid concert in 1985 and it was a great compliment for him to ask me to get involved. But the thing with Mick is, and Bowie fits into this category too, they've been around for so long and been so ripped off by managers in the past, that they'll never give up full control.

"And over the years, they've gathered people around themselves, who, if someone new comes along, feel their job security is being threatened.

"I was disappointed the *Primitive Cool* album didn't do as well as it could have, because I think it was a good album. I wish I could have done more, but when I was getting involved a lot of people told me, look, you're not going to be able to get close to this man, no matter what he's telling you. And they were right: even though we did get close, there were always a lot of obstacles in the way.

"I can give you my reasons why the album stiffed — a wrong first single, a terrible video and an atrocious album cover. But Mick felt very strongly about being involved in the choice of single and video and album cover, and even though I felt the decisions were wrong, there was nothing I could do.

"There were three or four hit singles on the album, but *Let's Work* was never one of them; it was always a throwaway track. So when that flopped, the album got off to a bad start, and once the vibe was negative the album was lost forever.

"Because the thing is, the media don't really want the Rolling Stones to break up. So if Mick Jagger puts out a single that's not a hit, everyone breathes a sigh of relief.

"The other thing is, the rest of the Stones don't want the Stones to break up, so there's a lot of feeling there, and I know that affects Mick. So he'll play a few shows in Japan, where the Stones can never play because Keith Richards has had too many drug busts. And then the Stones will get together again, and they'll do yet another last world tour and everyone will be happy, except that Mick will have the feeling another chance to prove something to himself has gone.

"But I'm glad he's doing some shows at least. Because he's a great performer and the band we put together is really hot.

"I was credited as creative consultant on the album, but I'll never do a consultancy thing again. If someone hires me to be a manager, they have to give me that control and let me be the manager. If they want to fuck around and make wrong decisions, they can do that by themselves."

*Roger always knew that if you go out of your way to be an arsehole they're going to save up to hit you back sometime in your life.*

Seventeen years ago, the year *Sticky Fingers* was released and the Rolling Stones succeeded the Beatles as *the* supergroup, Davies was 18 years old and reading every quote from Mick Jagger in the music papers, as if God had just spoken. Back then, he was Roger the Roadie, fleeing from Melbourne and his parents' disapproval, to Sydney. ("I couldn't blame them," he says, "they'd spent all this money sending me to good schools and university, and here I was driving a transit van, carting gear by night.")

In Sydney, he found a band called Sherbet who were trying to make a living playing pop in a city where only the heavy blues and psychedelic surf music were cred.

As the gofer in a rock agency, Davies used to sneak the group on to the booking sheets, and ring up clubs, pretending to speak for the agency owners, hyping Sherbet to the max.

"From there," says singer Daryl Braithwaite, "he started getting more and more involved, not just in how the music was marketed, but in the music too, till, without anything being signed, he was our manager."

And so he remained for the next nine years.

Sherbet still hold the all-time record for most Top 10s on the Australian charts — 11 in all, from a total of 19 Top 40 singles, and everyone of their nine albums went Top 10. And, in 1976, when *Howzat!* made No 2 in England, they became the first Australian group to top an international chart with a locally made record.

Sherbet were the first Australian band to top a million dollars for record sales, the first band to gross a million for a national tour, the first to form their own label and thus maximise their profits by leasing their recordings to be pressed and distributed.

Not too many years before their success, the norm was a hit record meant you were finally worth ripping off. In 1969, the Masters Apprentices broke the Beatles' concert crowd record and received a total of $25. This was because a local promoter had "bought" the band for a week for $500, for as many shows as he could flog around town.

"That was the old school of promotion in Australia," says Davies, "I don't want to mention names, because some of them are still around. They had local councils and sometimes state governments in their pockets, and their henchmen had guns in their pockets.

"That was why we ended up promoting our own concert tours. If you worked for these people and didn't play by their rules, there was a very real chance you'd get a crowbar across your kneecaps, or end up getting shot."

Sherbet were a roller coaster ride on an uncharted bigtime. No one had gone so far before, so no one knew when it would end. But end it did with a whimper, in 1979 at the Penrith Leagues Club, in front of 400 occasionally interested punters, with Davies bravely pouring drinks backstage, claiming, "At least we knew when to stop."

In 1979, Davies relocated to Los Angeles and took a non-paying job — just the use of an office and telephone — with Lee Kramer, an ex-shoe salesman who had become Olivia Newton-John's lover and manager. He was juggling credit cards everytime he took someone to lunch, living in a downward spiral of rental dumps.

Work wasn't much better, for Kramer and Newton-John had ceased being lovers and, to escape the tension around the office, Davies was accompanying Kramer's other client, Tina Turner, through a depressing series of cabaret tours.

"It took a lot of perseverence to hang in there," says his business partner in the early '70s, Michael Chugg, "it was very hard going for anyone Australian in Los Angeles in the '70s; no one wanted to know."

"He was far too honest for LA," says Rob Walker, currently head of promotions and A&R for EMI Australia, but back then, working for Capitol Records in Los Angeles. "He was also quite naive and insecure, even though at the same time he was a compulsive organiser and befriender of people.

"When I arrived in LA, even though we'd never even met back in Australia, he took me under his wing, and he was only just hanging in there himself. As it turned out, I was one of the first people he called after Olivia called him to say she was splitting from Lee Kramer and he was now her manager. A few hours later, Tina Turner rang him up and said, 'Don't think you're gonna get off with that white bird, you're managing me too.'

"Back then," says Walker, "management was seen as a confrontation exercise: you beat the pulp out of anyone who stood in your way. To a great extent, it's still like that, but Roger always knew that if you go out of your way to make someone feel like an arsehole, they're going to save up to hit you back sometime in your life.

"And mostly they do that by kicking the act you represent.

"Sometimes, Roger was overgenerous with concessions to avoid confrontation, but he has a great ability to manoeuvre people into a situation where agreement with what he thinks seems the only logical course."

In 1981, after Davies had cajoled for a year, Olivia Newton-John trashed her girl-next-door image and burned up the charts with *Physical*. The album also crossed over, becoming the world's most successful music video and TV music special. For good measure, Davies persuaded the road-shy star into one of the biggest grossing rock tours of the year.

By the time Olivia semi-retired to get married and have a child, Davies had already developed a long-term master plan for Tina Turner. It didn't really matter that Tina used to run away screaming everytime she heard some of the songs Davies wanted her to sing, in particular, *What's Love Got To Do With It*.

"I just had a feeling the song would be good for her," shrugs Davies, "but Tina didn't record it till she felt happy about it as well, that's the way it has to work."

"In the end," says Tina, "I thought, well, maybe I should at least try it. I just ran out of reasons for saying no."

The song was the first single off the *Private Dancer* album, and her first No 1. She won Best Female Vocal and Song Of The Year with it at the Grammies, and the album sold 10 million world wide. For the first time in a 27-year career, she was free of debt and had money in the bank.

Is there anything bad to be said about this man?

"He has a total inability to switch off from work and a total inability to delegate responsibility," says Rob Walker. "And that's cost him dearly in terms of personal relationships. It destroyed his marriage for one."

"I'm told I'm very good at managing other people," says Davies, "but I'm terrible at looking after myself. I suppose I'm a millionaire by now, but Glenn Wheatley, for one, would be a lot richer than me.

"When my marriage split up, I thought I must start taking care of money properly. We'd been together 12 years, been married for five, and I tried to set her up properly because she'd been through it all and deserved it.

"It happened just before the *Private Dancer* tour in 1984: her father died and she came back to Australia and saw her sister happily married with children and all her old friends were still here, whereas in Los Angeles, we still hardly knew anyone we liked. And I was always on the road anyway.

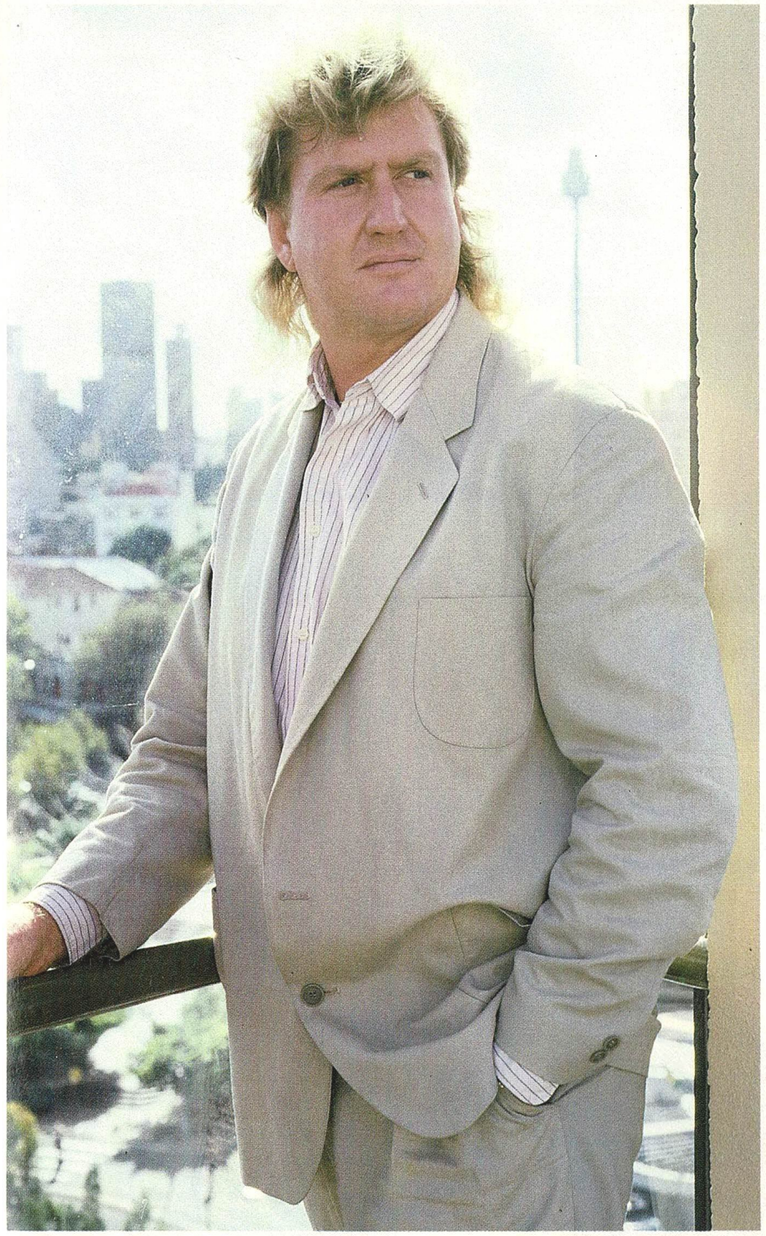
"So it wasn't really an ultimatum, but she had to get back to Australia and I understood that: we were going in different directions and it was another sacrifice to the business.

"I look back on it all very rarely — this is one of the few times in many, many years — but when I do, I realise how happy I was the very few times I had very little happening in business and was living for myself.

"I don't regret anything, I never do, but I have finally reached a stage where I want to look after myself a little more and reduce the pressure of people expecting so much from me. Now I'm 35 and I've been doing this for 17 years and now Tina's ready to go off the road, perhaps forever, so I'm ready to settle down and stay in one place long enough to raise children.

"The only problem is, I'm not sure Camilla is ready for all that.

"And the other thing is, I still find it so hard to say no when someone I manage wants something. Maybe some things will never change."



*Davies: "If someone hires me as manager they have to give me control and let me be manager."*

ILLUSTRATION BY GREG TAYLA

ONCE UPON A time, long, long ago, in the days before chairpersons and the Council For Civil Liberties, there was a little girl named Yuppierella. Her mother was going to call her Love Peace Harmony Understanding Stephen Stills Haight-Ashbury Woodstock, but decided against it, because the people next door called their baby that.

So they called her Yuppierella instead.

Yuppierella's mother was married to her father, but her father was married to an advertising agency. He was called Danno by everyone, even his friends. A few months after Yuppierella was born her mother ran off to the Queensland rainforest with Danno's secretary, a sensitive and very caring man called Darryl. And Danno was left alone with Yuppierella and three days of reports to type up.

For a long time he was very sad and bitter and lonely, but then, two days later, he brought home a client who

# YUPPIE Rella

***She dreamed of driving a Ferrari and double-parking in Double Bay with Master X. But she had three ugly sisters to reckon with. . .***

*Satire by* **COLIN BOWLES**

owned a chain of fashion stores and rogered her in the newly decorated upstairs bedroom with the Japanese screens, thus cementing the account and the *futon* at the same time.

The next day he took her to a little North Italian restaurant he knew about in Leichhardt that was only open the third Wednesday of every second month between 3 and 5pm in the afternoons during leap years, where the *fettucine al pesto* had to be tasted to be believed. There, Danno and the fashion store account related

*(continued on page 113)*

# THOROUGHLY MODERN DANCER

## *East meets West at its classical best.*

When Diana Lee was six years old, she climbed her first piano stool and tackled classical music. Next she took up the flute and was soloing with a major orchestra while her fellow seventh graders were tootling in the school band. At 16, accompanied by the city's symphony orchestra, she played Mozart's *Concerto Number Two in* D. "I also took up running and joined the gymnastics team at school – it wasn't like I skipped all the things other kids did," she says, "but I was always drawn to the self-expression of music and dance." Diana's Chinese migrant parents endowed her with a work ethic, which she applied to honing her own talents.

At university, where she majored in music, she became entranced by modern dance, but an instructor told her she was too old to consider that career. Dancers, like tennis players and musical prodigies, start young. "I took that as a challenge," she says, "and made dance my passion." She saw a performance by a dance troupe, fell in love with the "unaffected grace" of the dancers, packed up and followed them. Diana is not the kind of woman who lets her passions go unfulfilled.

Miss June earned her Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in modern dance three years ago. Today, although she still plays the flute at gatherings of classically minded friends, she makes her living as a dancer. "I don't like to limit myself," Diana says. "I like to play around investigating things. I'd like to do some choreography. I like to draw. I like to write. I'm learning to play the congas. And one of these days, I want to raise a family, too."

Relaxing at a Japanese restaurant after a rehearsal with her dance troupe, she eats *sushi* and drinks water.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Dancers may not have to start as toddlers, as Diana proves, but they can't afford to pig out on the beer and icecream everyone else seems to live on. Miss June has delicate hands, a voice to match and almond-shaped eyes that take in everything that happens around her, even as she describes her current passion.

"Dancing is using every part of yourself to make art," she says. "If you have certain flaws, as we all do, you don't always hide them. You put them to use. It's like when *Playboy* takes pictures of all your best angles – in dancing you can jiggle things around a little, so that to the audience, everything looks perfect. It's like any job in that you learn tricks like that, but one thing I like about dance is that your *body* is your job, the only means you use to express yourself."

One of Diana's few frustrations is that the public is often intimidated by modern art forms. "It should be a job to *do* it but not to see it," she says. "People work too hard trying to understand modern art or modern dance." Her advice: "Just enjoy it! Draw your own meaning from it. You either like it or you don't. If you don't, don't worry about it."

Diana doesn't worry. She's too busy. Even as she dances up and down the country, she is weighing future passions. She looks forward to the day when she'll have more time for writing, drawing, playing the drums and wrapping injured knees.

Knees? "I want to go back to school to study sports medicine. That's next."

Why not? Diana is already a physical artist. She felt it was natural to make a once-in-a-lifetime appearance in *Playboy* now, "before I get wrinkled. I brought the same feeling to posing that I bring to my dancing," she says. "Posing is flirting, cajoling, seducing – performing."

Brava!

**NAME**
Diana Lee

**BUST**
91cm (36")

**WAIST**
61cm (24")

**HIPS**
88cm (35")

**HEIGHT**
170cm

**WEIGHT**
53.5kg

**BIRTH DATE**
11/5/61

**SIGN**
Taurus

**AMBITIONS**
To dance, draw, mend injured athletes. . . and play the congas.

**TURN-ONS**
Massages, walks on the beach, hot chocolate and popcorn by the fire.

**TURN-OFFS**
Racism, smoke-filled rooms, people who look for excuses.

**FAVORITE PERFORMERS**
Wynton Marsalis, Fred Astaire, Twyla Tharp Dance Company

**FAVORITE FOODS**
Everything from kiwi fruit to stir-fry vegetables to hamburgers.

**IDEAL MAN**
He's able to take humor in the darkest of circumstances. He makes no excuses and isn't afraid of showing his emotions.

**RECURRING NIGHTMARE**
Waking up blonde

MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE WAYDA

# PARTY JOKES

A Kiwi was stalking through a forest in a national park carrying a knapsack when he was apprehended by a park ranger.

"Right, open the sack and let's see what you've got in there," demanded the ranger. Reluctantly the hunter opened up to reveal a number of wood pigeons.

"Wood pigeons are a protected species in this park," said the game warden.

"But I didn't get them here," replied the hunter, "I got them in King Country."

"Let me see," said the ranger, and quick as a flash he picked up one of the birds, inserted a finger in its anus and withdrew a yellow substance. "You're lying," he said. "This bird definitely comes from this forest. I'll have to give you a fine. Where do you live?"

At this the Kiwi dropped his daks, turned around and chucked a brown eye at the game warden. "You're the bloody expert," he yelled, "find out for yourself!"

An old man sat on a park bench, sobbing his heart out. Eventually a passer-by took pity on him and asked him what was the matter.

"I'm 80 years old," the old guy managed to choke out, "and I'm married to a beautiful girl of 27 with a fantastic figure. She'll be waiting for me at home with a great meal cooked for me, and afterwards she'll be hoping I'll take her to bed and make mad passionate love to her."

"So what's the problem," said the passer-by, rather surprised by this. "Can't you satisfy her any more?"

"I can satisfy her all right," wailed the octogenarian, "I just can't remember where I live."

Father and son were out for a walk together in the woods when they came across a dead sparrow with its feet in the air. The little boy was very upset and asked his father why the bird lay that way. His father comforted him by telling him it was so the angels could come down and pick the dead bird up by its feet and carry it away. "That's how it is when you're dead," explained the kindly parent.

A couple of weeks later he was returning home when he was met by his son in a state of high excitement. "Daddy, Daddy," cried the little boy, "Mummy nearly died this afternoon. She was lying on her back with her feet in the air yelling, 'I'm coming, I'm coming,' and if the milkman hadn't held her down we'd have lost her!"

Two society ladies meet for lunch at a ritzy restaurant in Sydney's Double Bay, after an interval of some years.
Louise: "Basil my new husband's been promoted to colonel in the Zimbabwean Army."
Cynthia: "Lucky you, darling. Is he black?"
Louise: "No, no. Only his privates."
Cynthia: "Oh! How exotic."

*There was a young girl from Detroit*
*At coition was very adroit.*
*She could squeeze her vagina*
*To a pinpoint or finer,*
*Or open it up like a quoit.*

After a day's successful selling, the abrasive rep was spending the night at a big old-fashioned hotel. His room had no bathroom but there was a huge, deep bath just down the corridor. He ran the hot water and went back for his bath robe. When he returned he was surprised to see a tall, well-built blonde in the bathroom.

"Excuse me," he said, "but it's my bath."

"Sorry," she said, "but it's my bath now."

Not one to be put off easily, the rep said, "Look, it's my bath, and I'm undressing. You may stay if you like." With that he pulled off his shirt.

Unabashed the blonde said, "Two can play at that game. It's my bath," as she slipped out of her blouse.

The rep gulped at the flimsy bra barely restraining the

gorgeous bosom, but he pressed on. "My bath," he said, whipping off his trousers.

"My bath," she said, dropping her skirt.

The rep's eyes bulged at the delicious thighs and skimpy knickers. But he stiffened his resolve, so to speak, and spat out, "My bath," while pulling off his underpants.

The blonde looked at his equipment and melted. In a silky voice she huskily whispered, "I say, do you fuck?" The rep relaxed, smiled, and said softly, "Sorry about this silly squabble. Yes, as a matter of fact I do."

"Then fuck off, it's my bath," said the blonde.

*There was a young girl called Sophia,*
*Who succumbed to a lover's desire,*
*She said, "It's a sin,*
*But now that it's in,*
*Could you shove it a few inches higher?"*

***Heard a good one lately? Send it to the Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.***

*"I'll say one thing for you, Muriel, you instinctively know what I'm a sucker for."*

# THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE AUSSIE

*Fiction by* **GRAHAM LYONS**

*All Eric wanted was a girl to see him through a cold London December.*

WHENEVER I HEAR that song by Chicago, *If You Leave Me Now*, I think of London 1976, and a seedy hostel in Notting Hill Gate. December. They were playing that song all the time on the radio. It was my first year away from Australia and I was learning fast. It was a time when the Aussie dollar was worth something and Aussies and Kiwis seemed to pop up everywhere. There was much talk of the Munich Bierfest, the running of the bulls in Pamplona, the Greek Isles, cravings for Vegemite, pub crawls to Scotland and how lucky the Poms were to be graced with our antipodean presence...

My basement room has three beds. Mine is below a grimy window which overlooks a squalid little courtyard. Ron Rafferty occupies, now and then, the bed by the door. He's quite an incredible fellow from Melbourne, and I reckon he'd have to be at least 35. I have great plans for Ron Rafferty. I'm a bit shy, but he's going to line me up with a girl, a real good one. He's very good with girls, judging by the way he talks.

The middle bed has a high turnover of occupants. Geoff, a building worker from Sydney, was in it last night, but not for long. He returned at around 2am from a binge and woke Ron and me

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

with his drunken clamor. He flopped into the bed, but was there only a few moments before he groaned horribly and staggered from the room. He spent the next hour in the bathroom down the hall, heaving the wares of countless Earls Court pubs into the bath tub. The bastard left the plug in and was gone, rucksack and all, by 8 o'clock (God, what a constitution), so Ron and I had to clean up his reeking chunder.

●

Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon, and so cold the frost is still there on the ground and on the wrought iron fence along Bayswater Road, and clinging to the bare branches of ashes and silver birches. Ron Rafferty is at Speakers' Corner, *speaking* at Speakers' Corner. There are other speakers, too: a Fabian socialist, a fascist, a Zionist, an anti-semite, an evangelist and an atheist. Really a very balanced sample if you think about it.

Ron has by far the biggest crowd. He talks in his best, broadest accent and wears a battered, felt stockman's hat. With his sturdy build, reddish hair and strong, craggy face that could have been hewn from Stonyfell Quarry, he looks the part. There is no question that he is True Blue.

The gist of his discourse, which draws frequent good-humored interjections, is that he's done a lot and been a lot in his life: jackaroo on a Northern Territory cattle station; drummer in a Melbourne rock'n'roll band; managed a brothel in St Kilda; deckhand on a South China Sea cargo ship; "burnt off phantoms" in the slums of New York City (I never did find out what that meant); "wasted a few Commo geeks in 'Nam"; acted as "shit-kicker for those well-known and highly-respected Sydney used-car dealers, Boggo Brothers", and worked as a wharfie with the Painters and Dockers at Port Melbourne, "an even bigger bunch of crooks".

Ron has investigated various religions, has "delved deep into the bloody lot — Buddhism, Christianity, Islam, Sikhism, Hindu, Baha'i, you name it, but found nothing at the bottom of the barrel." So he's formulated a cynical, nihilistic little philosophy of his own, summed up by this statement, which he repeats several times during his oration, and which never fails to draw great applause from the crowd:

*Life means nothing. It's what you do with your dicky-wicky that counts.*

By now the other speakers have been deserted by their listeners and stand there as bereft as Hyde Park's deciduous trees. I notice a blonde girl in Ron's crowd, nicely built with a strikingly pretty face. I've seen her before, with Ron. Perhaps she's his latest girl. She must sense I'm looking at her, for she glances at me, but only very briefly, and is soon laughing with the rest of us at Ron's *piece de resistance:*

"Yes, I used to be idealistic and airy-fairy, as you can surely gather from the aforementioned graphic excerpts from my brilliant career. But now I've sorted out the wheat from the chaff, and all I live for is three feeds a day, my fair share of split whisker, and to talk to a whole lot of fools in Hyde Park on Sundays."

●

The third bed, the one vacated by chunderous Geoff, is now occupied by an Australian girl from Perth. She is tall and thin with a large, blank face, thick glasses and lank brown hair. She seems to have a co-ordination problem: she moves in a jerky manner, and leans forward when she walks. Ron has christened her Godolphus after an acclaimed marionette. I think her real name is Elizabeth.

We don't see much of Godolphus. She spends her time seeing the sights of London, as do I. I go to the usual places: the Tower, Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square, Greenwich, Portobello Road market, Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, Kew Gardens. I see a lot of red buses and black taxis, but don't catch them. I have an old Honda 175 which served me well on an autumn tour of England, but now I find it easier, and warmer, to take the tube.

The cold is getting to me, and food, which back home I took for granted, has become a major issue. Good value is what I seek, and the hostel is excellent in this respect, serving up generous meals for well under a pound. I feel hemmed in. London is so damn *big*, and in this weather I can't just jump on the Honda and take a spin through the Home Counties every few days. I am coming to the conclusion that London in December is not the greatest place for a lonely Aussie.

●

Ron Rafferty, Mona (the blonde girl who was at Speakers' Corner) and I huddle together in the stand at Craven Cottage, watching Fulham annihilate Oldham Athletic. The play is absorbing, despite the icy pitch. Second Division Fulham in the black-and-white boasts three greats nearing the end of their career. We don't see Rodney Marsh, who is out injured, but little Bobby Moore is out there in centrefield, directing play like a traffic policeman. And George Best, yes, the great, erratic, brilliant, exasperating, playboy Georgie Best is right there in front of us, large as life, and putting in a good one. We rise and cheer as he arrogantly pops the ball over the head of the hapless Oldham keeper and follows through to score.

We leave the ground past mounted police and catch the tube to Piccadilly. It's dark when we emerge from the tube. We dine early on spaghetti bolognaise and chips (great value at 38p, or less than a dollar a serve) at The Three Lanterns off Haymarket, then walk to the Shepherd And Crook and have a few drinks. Mona is a nurse from Sydney. She smiles and laughs a lot, but doesn't say much. I really like her. Ron and I are still hungry, so we order shepherd's pie. Mona declines.

"Must watch my weight," she says. "When I first came over here I put on two and a half stone [*16kg*]."

"Yeah, happens to all you Aussie girls," Ron says. "You get stuck into all the pastries and bread and cheese because they're cheap and they fill you up, and before you know it you're as fat as pigs."

I can't imagine Mona fat as a pig. She looks very good to me. Ron must have noticed my admiring glance, for he says, "Eric, take Mona out tonight to the theatre or something."

"Yes, Eric, let's." She looks at me sweetly and puts her hand on mine. My heart jumps. Ron can't come as he works behind the bar of a South Kensington pub on Saturday nights. I need no further prompting.

"*Dracula*'s on at Sloane Square," I say.

"Right, you're on," Mona says, and downs the rest of her beer.

In the pub's toilet Ron and I piss copiously and talk fluently.

"Look, I'd better get going," Ron says, zipping up his fly. "Have a good time with Mona tonight. She's yours for the night, mate. Remember, whatever happens, she's a good kid. I'll tell you about her one day."

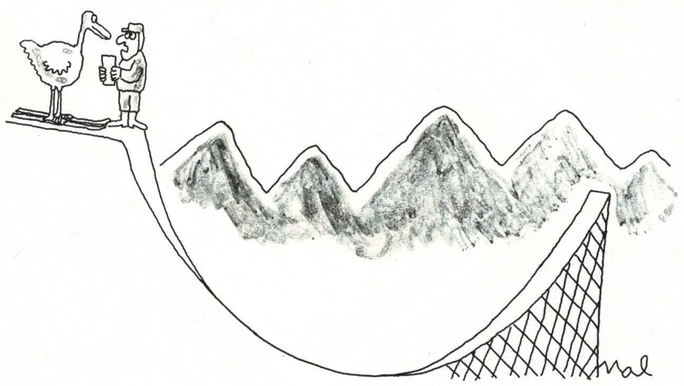
"Tell me what?"

"Nothing, it doesn't matter."

●

It's very cosy in the Royal Court Theatre, where we watch a highly original *Dracula*. The man himself looks like a circus

*(continued on page 111)*



*"Now remember, if you start flapping your wings during the jump, you'll be disqualified."*

*"Damned elephant . . . used me as a tampon!"*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT BUTCHER

***Fashion editor Vitek selects winter woollens to give you cuddly winter warmth.***

# SNUGGLE UP

The best way to stay warm on these cold winter days is someone else's body heat, but if that's not available the next best alternative would have to be good old Australian wool. Here, then, is what some of Australia's leading designers have done with wool for their 1988 knitwear collections.

The first thing we notice looking through the ranges is a marked absence of color. Perhaps it is a reaction to last year, but most designers, if they have used color at all, have gone for muted autumnal tones. The second major change is that designers are realising it is easier to stay warm by wearing a singlet on a particularly cold day then to sweat all winter long in a bulky sweater. Consequently most knitwear this year is comparatively lightweight.

As the tourist market increases, so does the Australiana content on knitwear but you don't have to be American or Japanese to wear a koala, and knitwear is a great way to accentuate the lightweight winter look. A jacket or even a suit over a sweater creates a sort of cuddly elegance women love.

---

*Lightweight sweater in autumn tones from JAG ($110) and a similar design in heavier wool from Daniel Hechter ($98). Her top is part of the limited edition collection from Liz Newman ($120).*

*Left: The Scottish tartan lives on. This one is from Uomo Sunday's ($84). Her two-piece knitted outfit is by P.I.N.G. P.O.N.G. ($180). Bottom left: She is wearing a two-piece from P.I.N.G. P.O.N.G. ($200) and he is in a Daniel Hechter cardigan ($92). Right: She will come back to you in this boomerang design from Liz Newman ($86). The heavier knit sweater in blue is from Uomo Sunday's ($80). All garments mentioned are available from department stores and leading boutiques.*

# 20 QUESTIONS: SHARON O'NEILL

*The sexy songstress from the Land Of The Long White Cloud talks about the media and overseas success, her long wrangle with CBS and her new deal with PolyGram.*

*In May 1985, New Zealand-born singer Sharon O'Neill was voted Australia's most popular female vocalist at the Countdown Music And Video Awards. In itself, that's nice but not remarkable. What made it remarkable was that she had not released a single song all that year and had not touched the stage for a very long time.*

*Reason? She couldn't. It was the start of a legal wrangle with CBS Records which effectively kept her away from music for three years.*

*Sharon O'Neill was born in Nelson, at the top of New Zealand's South Island, on November 11, 1952. She is one of three daughters. O'Neill began her career as a professional musician in 1973 after her mother had encouraged her to enter a talent quest at a local radio station. Her mother was to play an important part in her professional life, encouraging Sharon to take up music full-time.*

*By 1978, after touring throughout New Zealand and parts of South-East Asia, Sharon O'Neill signed with CBS Records, the largest recording empire in the world, and released her debut album, This Heart. . . This Song. In the same year she was named Female Vocalist Of The Year by the Recording Industry Association Of New Zealand.*

*O'Neill moved to Australia in 1980 and over the next four years established herself as one of this country's most successful and admired female performers. Five years later, however, the momentum she'd been gleaning was suddenly checked when business relations between herself and CBS broke down. Then, after spending more time in court than on stage, O'Neill bounced back and released her first single on her new recording label, PolyGram, and an album, appropriately titled Danced In The Fire.*

*Australian Playboy sent* ***Scott Howlett*** *to talk with O'Neill at the Merlin Hotel in inner Perth. He reports: "Despite her contractual hassles and the corresponding hiatus it caused in her burgeoning career, Sharon O'Neill doesn't seem hardened by the experience. Perhaps she's put it all down to another step in the learning process; perhaps she's just more aware. Whatever. . . she's still the Friendly Kiwi."*

**1.**

**PLAYBOY:** Why did your professional relationship with CBS Records break down?

**O'NEILL:** To skirt around the issue, there were contractual differences. We went to court a couple of times and all up it took around a year to finally resolve. It wasn't a simple dispute. It was based largely around the interpretation of words in the contract. Contracts bind you up for five to six years but hopefully they aren't like that anymore. I don't think they are anyway.

**2.**

**PLAYBOY:** It must have been frustrating not being able to work for three years.

**O'NEILL:** It was terribly frustrating. I was writing songs for an album somewhere down the line, but that's all it was. . . down the line. It was really frustrating going to see a band, and hanging about backstage, because I wasn't doing anything.

I could have toured but I would have lost a lot of money. It is very expensive to tour when you're a solo artist, and without radio airplay at the same time it makes it extremely difficult.

**3.**

**PLAYBOY:** What business lessons did you learn during your three-year reluctant repose?

**O'NEILL:** I'd never sign a contract as quickly as I did. I look back at it now and realise I was one of those desperate cases. I was mostly bound up in a record contract because of the excitement of having a record deal. I didn't care. As far as I was concerned, I was going to make an album. It was like a dream come true so I just signed it and got on with it. I didn't think of analysing it.

**4.**

**PLAYBOY:** You'll be more cautious in the future about signing documents, we'd imagine?

**O'NEILL:** I would say I will be cautious about signing anything. I think the break benefited the music though, because I've built up some great songwriting partnerships. In the past I just wrote by myself, but during these last three years I've worked with a lot of people and I think that has helped me develop as an artist.

It's also taught me to be very cautious about anyone in the [*music*] business. I thought I was always pretty cautious but I'm sort of over the top about it now.

**5.**

**PLAYBOY:** Did it make you very cynical?

**O'NEILL:** It hasn't made me cynical, no. I was very bitter at first. While it [*the court battle*] was going on I thought it was absolutely ludicrous that these people sitting up there [*in court*] in gowns [*lawyers and judges*] were actually going to make a change in my life, which they did. But those sorts of thoughts died away after a while. When it was finished and settled it was a huge relief, because during the discussions it got very mucky.

After the dispute was finished it was very important for me to get ahead with a new record. When I got the new record deal with PolyGram it was a big step because it meant I was not in limbo anymore. I had the old carrot dangling and that always helps.

**6.**

**PLAYBOY:** Did you learn a lot about people during all this?

**O'NEILL:** I think so, yes. *Beware the friendly Kiwi.* I'm pretty hopeless like that and always have been and I got my fingers burnt in a lot of areas because *I* was the friendly Kiwi. I think nicely of everyone [*laughs*]. . . well, I used to. . . now I'm just a bit backward in coming forward in that area, that's all.

**7.**

**PLAYBOY:** So after so much time, the release of a new record and a forthcoming tour must feel like a new beginning for you. Does it?

**O'NEILL:** It's back to square one. Back to the cycle of making an album, promoting it, going out on the road. Because it has been such a long time it really feels like a new beginning to a degree. It's pretty exciting. I feel really good. I want to give it a good shot, like with every album, but this one is special. . . it's a good test. We'll have to see how it goes again. See if it maintains. . . it may not. I may find that the records don't sell as well and not as many people come to the gigs, but we'll just have to see. . . time will tell.

**8.**

**PLAYBOY:** On your album track *In Control* you talk about ambition being the beast within and having your dreams tossed and turned. Is that the way you feel?

**O'NEILL:** I'm ambitious to a point but I'm not going to go out of my way to step on

people to get where I want to go. But I think there are people out there [*in the music business*] who do. I think you have to hang on to your soul because if you don't you can become completely faceless and get carried away with the business.

My dreams have definitely become turned and tossed [*laughs*]. They've been more than turned and tossed over the past few years. I was lucky to have any dreams left at the end of it.

**9.**

**PLAYBOY:** You spent a lot of time in London recording this album. Other artists have told me going to work in London, a change in environment, fresh surrounds, made them more creative. Did you feel that?

**O'NEILL:** Fresh? No I didn't. I was caught up with a lot of other things. I was on my own for most of the time and dealing with cold weather and jet lag. I wasn't creative at all.

**10.**

**PLAYBOY:** Did you like London?

**O'NEILL:** Not particularly. I can appreciate it from a tourist point of view and a historical point of view but, goddamnit, I couldn't live there. I coped with it, but I feel sorry for people who have to deal with that weather and economy. You wouldn't see sun for days on end. But you'd see plenty of snow, cold, rain, dark, you name it. I found it really depressing actually. People looked really ashen and very irritated. But some people love that.

London was pretty bad, but the country areas are really beautiful. So pretty. Castles, yellow flowers, fantastic.

**11.**

**PLAYBOY:** Do you miss New Zealand? Do you still consider yourself a Kiwi?

**O'NEILL:** I'm a Kiwi for sure. New Zealanders give me a hard time for even being here [*laughs*], but Australia is where I live and where I want to live. I don't want to live in New Zealand. I've been here seven years and I really like it, but I'm still a Kiwi, otherwise I would have given up my citizenship. And I like to go back: my family lives there, and it's really beautiful. A shot of that for two weeks and you're right for the year.

**12.**

**PLAYBOY:** New Zealanders are very protective of their folk, aren't they? They don't like their stars leaving home to make a bigger name for themselves elsewhere, do they?

**O'NEILL:** I had a bit of trouble when I did leave New Zealand to come to Australia. New Zealanders get awfully upset when you leave. They feel neglected, they wonder why you can't make it internationally from being in New Zealand, and you're forever explaining, "Please don't be offended, I really do love New Zealand, but I can't seem to get ahead if I stay here." And that's always a bone of contention, I'm afraid. But, that I know of, there has never been a New Zealand band which has made it overseas just basing themselves in New Zealand.

**13.**

**PLAYBOY:** Was it a difficult decision for you to leave home and base yourself in Australia?

**O'NEILL:** Yes, it was. I'm close to my family, I miss them all, I wish they'd come over here but I just can't twist Mum's arm — she hates flying. I guess it was made easier for me to come over because I'd done a tour with Boz Scaggs in Australia and got the feel of an audience and my contract was transferred to CBS in Sydney so I knew I had something to come over for. All those little things helped. But the actual move was a different thing.

**14.**

**PLAYBOY:** At what point in your life did you decide you wanted to be a singer?

**O'NEILL:** When I was 17 I was in a folk group and won a song contest. I never thought I'd make a living out of being a singer-songwriter, but I knew it would always be a part of my life.

An advertisement came up in the Sunday paper: this band was looking for a singer. It was really Mum who prompted me. She said: "Why don't you give this a shot." I said: "Mum, is this really you talking?" because I didn't think she would want to send me off like that. I think she really pushed me along. She gave me the rubber stamp of approval in a way, because it meant moving and giving up a government job, which had a regular income.

**15.**

**PLAYBOY:** The Australian music industry is male dominated and fairly sexist. Have you experienced much sexual prejudice during your career?

**O'NEILL:** It occurs. Not as much as it used to. You run into people who might not like women singers. As simple as that. But it's certainly not as bad as it used to be.

**16.**

**PLAYBOY:** Is it important to present your sexuality while on stage, do you think?

**O'NEILL:** No, I don't think it's important. I go on stage exactly as I am. I don't consider it myself. I don't know about other people. I suppose for Madonna fans it's important, but she maintains that image because it's what they [*the audience*] expect. It's daring, and it's lingerie, and it's fun, I suppose, but that's not what I do or what I like to see. I'd just rather listen to music and watch somebody rather than being intimidated by whether someone has got extra tight jeans with bananas in them.

**17.**

**PLAYBOY:** In the Australian music industry musicians and bands used to give stuff-all about money and the business side of what they did, they just wanted to get drunk and play in front of a lot of screaming fans. This, of course, made it easy for them to be ripped off. Even today there are many younger musicians, just starting out in professional music, who don't think about the business side of this billion-dollar-plus industry and just want to be left alone to make their music.

**O'NEILL:** Well, that's fine, if they're quite content to do that, then they'll stay exactly where they are, unless they're extremely lucky. Unfortunately you just have to get involved in it. If you want to get a record out there's got to be a contract, so you have to sign something. And then if you don't want the tax department on your arse you've got to organise your books, someone's got to do that. If you're out working every day of the year, it doesn't matter what size band you are, whether you make money at the end of the night is irrelevant, you are still being paid by a venue X amount of dollars. Where that money goes. . . you've got be careful.

**18.**

**PLAYBOY:** The Australian media are strange, especially the music media. It seems if a band has success overseas, especially in the US, the media begrudge it. A band is seen to be selling out if it has success overseas. Of course, if it has huge success, then it's a case of Australia's very own. That doesn't seem very fair, does it?

**O'NEILL:** I'm used to the situation. It's not fair. Acts should be allowed to extend themselves and expand without getting criticised. Like you said, when they do succeed, everyone says: "Isn't this fantastic," and all this shit's forgotten. But I think it's unfair that they're criticised. Artists spend a lot of time, trying to get somewhere.

It's a hard one. I have to deal with it a lot with the latest album because I did it over in America. One review said something like: "Oh well, they'll lap this up on the West Coast [*of the US*] but I don't think it'll do very well here because it's just too LA." But the reverse happened. It died in the arse over there and did well here.

**19.**

**PLAYBOY:** Do you get hurt and upset when you read a bad review of your art, your music?

**O'NEILL:** I get annoyed. It'd be silly if I said: "They're reviews, they're reviews, and they happen." I can't get too upset about it, however. I wouldn't have a minute's sleep if I did. It's just the absolute reverse of when you read a good one.

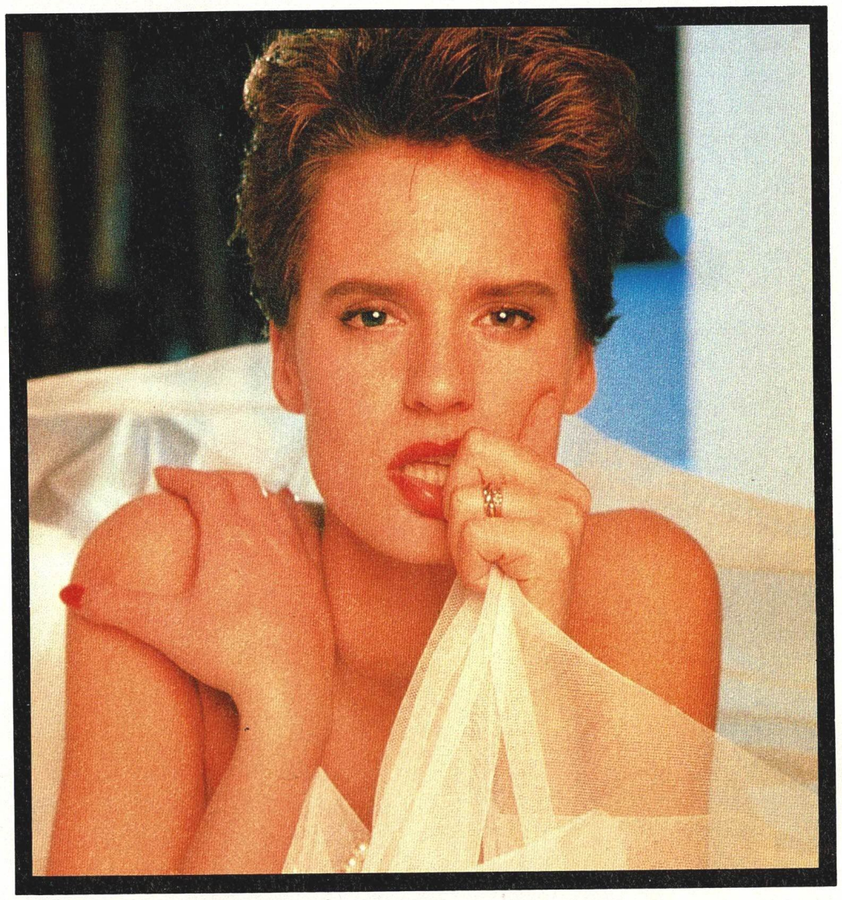
**20.**

**PLAYBOY:** Is singing and songwriting your whole life? Do you live and breathe rock-'n'roll 24 hours a day?

**O'NEILL:** No, I don't. I never have. It might appear to be when you're doing a tour, because it is 24 hours a day, but it's [*music*] always been, and hopefully will always remain, relaxing. If I feel like songwriting, I write, if I don't feel like it, I don't. I mean, I might not listen to any music for days. I usually listen when I'm driving, and when I listen to it at home it's purely for relaxation. I don't watch many music TV shows. I might watch a half an hour here and there. I go to a few gigs. But I'm not obsessed by it.

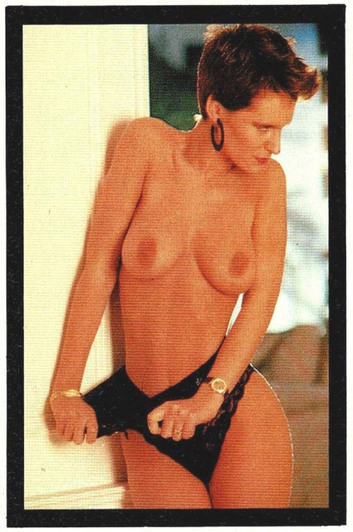
# REGINA

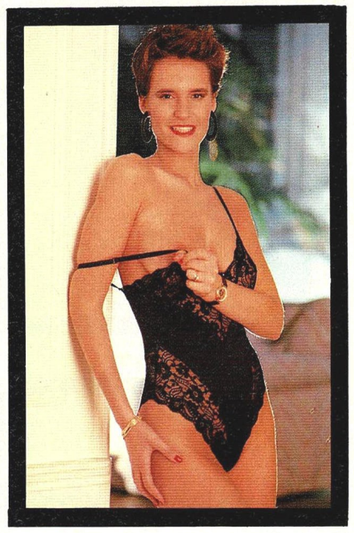
## IS SHE THE GIRL WHO MADE BORIS BECKER'S HEART GO BOOM BOOM?



Meet Regina Neder. She's a sexy German model who caused a sensation in Europe following allegations she was having an affair with tennis ace Boris Becker. Regina refused to disclose whether or not she went "boom boom" with Boris, and claimed she and the tennis star were "just good friends".

To set the record straight, Regina offered to tell *Playboy* exactly what happened when she met Boris Becker. Here, in her own words, is her "match report".



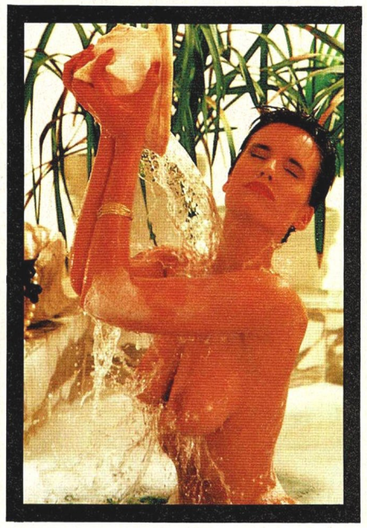


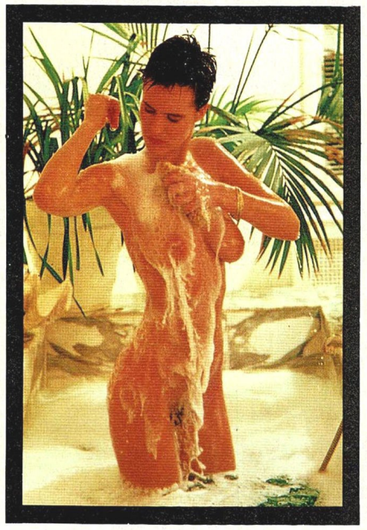
“It was a Friday night in Frankfurt when I got to meet Boris — Boris Becker Superstar! He fronted up to me in the Le Jardin disco and blurted something out. Checking me out, I thought. Over 200 girls in the place and the tennis ace wanted something from little me — 19-year-old Regina Neder from Oberursel, near Frankfurt.

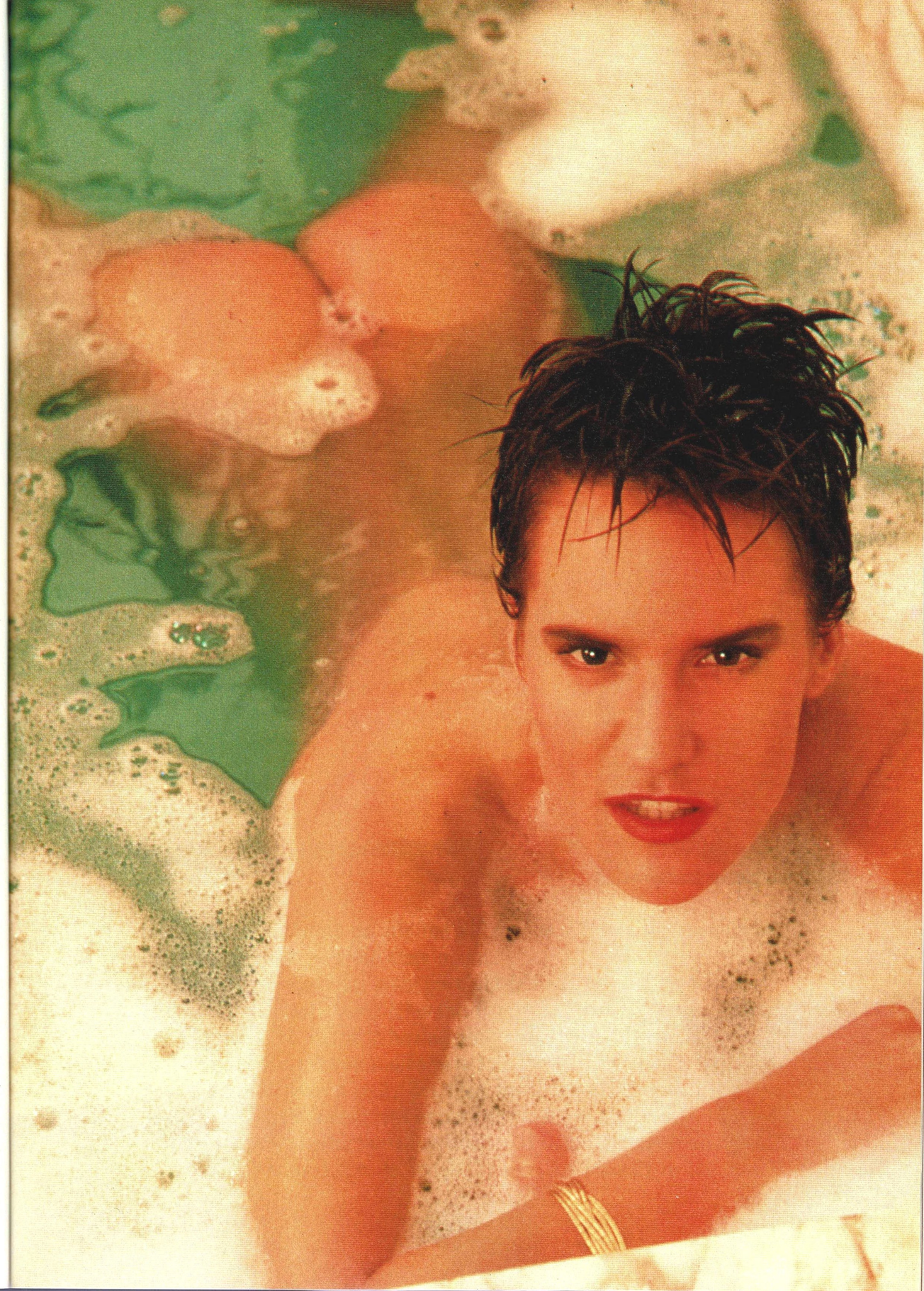
But the champagne Boris was offering me I had to refuse — next time, maybe! — because I was working as a waitress in the disco at the time, to earn money for tuition as a foreign language secretary. It was already two o’clock in the morning and he’d have to wait another two hours if he wanted to ask me out.

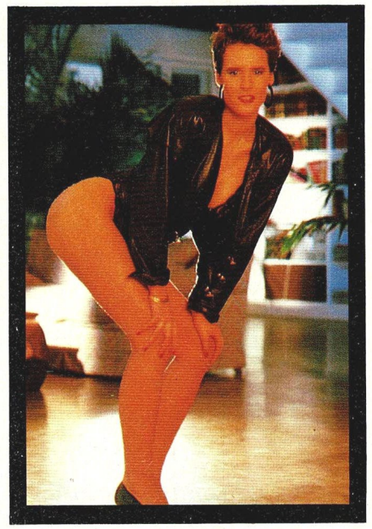
Boris Becker did just that. We went for a coffee in a quiet place round the corner — he wasn't thinking about his match the next day one little bit. We talked about how he felt, being approached all the time by all kinds of people. That's when I discovered that Boris wasn't attracted so much by my appearance — actually I was wearing a tight Coco Chanel T-shirt, a mini-skirt and black patent leather shoes — he was much more taken with the fact I was the only one who wasn't gawking at him!

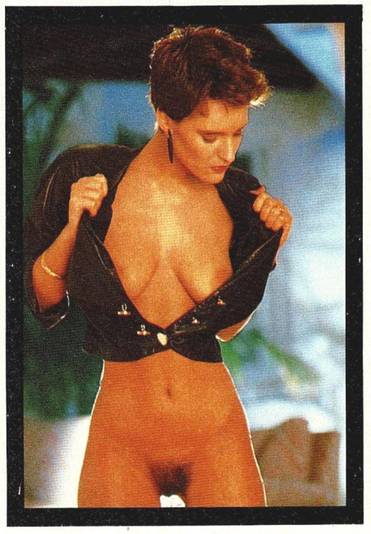
Then he invited me to his match. . . I had to pick up the invitation from his hotel suite. It was that same afternoon and I got there a bit late because I wanted to make myself especially pretty. Between shots he beckoned











me over and made me go into the VIP lounge. Then in the evening he came to fetch me from the disco again. . .

This time Boris and I just spent the night driving around in his Mercedes. Frankfurt can be very beautiful at this time — especially if you're in love. This big star, who is used to having people take shots at him, was happy that he'd suddenly found someone to talk to. Or to be quiet with. Boris Becker does that very well. But then he spoke about his girlfriend, Benedikt. Frequent separations weren't good for the relationship, he said.

When I read that after those two wonderful nights with Boris we breakfasted in the hotel I had to laugh. I mean, we weren't in the hotel!"

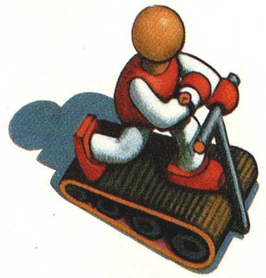
# MINIMUM MAINTENANCE

## THE LEAST YOU SHOULD DO TO FEEL THE BEST

*(continued from page 52)*

*compiled by*
**Walter Lowe Jr and Trish Wend**

If you, like us, think that staying in shape need be neither gruelling nor ruinously time-consuming, we have good news. You're right. Fitness is a lifestyle decision. Forget those articles that require that you burn 2000 calories doing the butterfly or the effort is wasted. At every level of effort, there's a benefit. The accompanying chart, prepared with the help of experts in the fitness field, invites you to select your goal and then outlines the minimum maintenance required. We start with **Basic Fitness**. The goal? To minimise the risk of heart attack and injury without strenuous exercise. At this level, your physician is your partner. Begin with a complete check-up. **Recreational:** This level prepares you to play weekend sports in suitable shape, to be fit for running to catch a bus, and vacation sports. **Lifestyle:** The goal here is a top level of cardiovascular conditioning; to benefit from the high that can accompany rigorous sports activity. **Competitive:** With this, you can be gratified that you're in the best shape, for your age, that you can be. You will notice that each level builds on the previous one; approach your plan for fitness that way. Move ahead gradually as you step up. Educate yourself. And, above all, determine first what you want from fitness.



| | CARDIOVASCULAR | FLEXIBILITY | ENDURANCE | STRENGTH |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **BASIC FITNESS** | Consult physician to determine that cholesterol, blood pressure and pulse rate are within norms. Minimise smoking, alcohol consumption and caffeine. Inform physician of family health history. | Important to avoid injury. Stretch five to ten minutes every day (not right out of bed — muscles are tight and injury-prone). Concentrate on hamstring, calf and Achilles tendon, lower back. Yoga is ideal. | Spend more time in motion. Walk, don't ride; climb stairs. Start slowly if in poor condition, building gradually to 30 minutes per day. Ten minute walks add up. Benefits start when you exercise for 20 minutes three times a week. | If strong enough to perform your job and daily chores, no special exercises are required at this stage. Ten to 15 minutes of calisthenics (see below) two or three times a week to maintain musculature. |
| **RECREATIONAL** | If overweight or over 35, take a stress test. Aerobic exercise (walk, run, bike, swim, dance) 20 minutes three times a week, bringing pulse rate to 60 percent of maximum heart rate (subtract age from 220). Or play aerobic sport. | Stretch five to ten minutes before game or work-out to prevent injury, again as you cool down, to increase range of motion and reduce sore muscles. Good flexibility is a must before starting any exercise-machine program. | Increase playing time gradually from 30 to 40 minutes. Practise interval training: warm up, work at 80 percent top pulse rate 20 seconds, regular pace 40 seconds. Repeat 10-12 times, three-four times a week. Gradually shorten rests. | The most important muscles for sports are the legs, upper arms, back and stomach. Try 20 minutes of calisthenics (push-ups, sit-ups, leg raises), two or three times a week. Begin with 10 push-ups and 10 sit-ups. |
| **LIFESTYLE** | Aerobic exercise for 20-30 minutes three or four days a week; aim to bring pulse to 75-85 percent of maximum heart rate. An hour of tennis or basketball, or 30 minutes of squash, replace one work-out. | Pay extra attention to stretching as you increase exercise intensity (eg, walk or run faster) to prevent muscle strain. Be sure to stretch joints (knee, elbow, shoulder) in each direction, both bending and extending. | Gradually extend half-hour work-outs to one hour, or extend one-hour basketball or tennis work-outs to 90 minutes. | Gradually increase push-ups and sit-ups to 30 repetitions per set; increase sets from two to three. Build opposing muscle groups for balance and to avoid injury. Machine weights best safe option. |
| **COMPETITIVE** | Spend at least three hours per week (three or four 60-minute work-outs) exercising at 80 percent of maximum pulse rate. Depending upon your heart-rate response, increase speed and/or intensity of your exercise. | Flexibility is a key component of a strength program. Warm up with light calisthenics, a short walk or a jog. Hold each stretch for 10-30 seconds, repeat two or three times. | Incorporate interval training during cardiovascular work-outs. Consulting a running coach is highly recommended for interval training at this level. | To major-muscle work-outs, add free weights or equipment for forearm, calf, triceps, biceps. Tailor work-out to your sport. For bulk, increase weight load, decrease repetitions; for staying power, add repetitions, decrease weight. |

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERTON.E.STABLER

# POCKET ROCKETS!

*Rob Luck reports how Sunday's racing car is sold as Monday's street car.*

JUST 16 TIMES a year, usually from around midnight to the wee-smalls, mostly on Sunday nights, fanatics from the four corners of the country huddle around the electronic lie-box to witness a strange ritual.

As is the history of most obsessions pursued under adversity or persecution, the converts have prospered. Statisticians can now estimate more than a billion of them worldwide. There may be as many as another billion in the closet. In some countries it has more disciples than the Catholic Church. If it continues to grow it may become bigger than Islam. "It" is Formula One motor racing.

The religion of Formula One has attracted a world-wide following larger than the population of the largest country on this planet. Just what motivates a cult following larger than for any other sport on earth has not been fully documented. But one thing is sure — for the astute observer, this is the futures index of the motor industry.

Students of the sport will have noted the outcome of the last season — in 1987 a Japanese-powered car (a Honda) won the world championship. There is every chance it will happen again this year.

This is not a small, isolated, or unrelated event to the motor industry. It is essentially as significant to the world car trade as the Second Coming — for it marks the late '80s as the point at which the Japanese motor industry won the first battle of its war with the world's established high-performance car manufacturers.

The other phase of the war is being fought on the front-line of the showroom floors. Don't believe the invaders will

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KARL SCHWERDTFEGER

meet any resistance — the battle has already been lost. In America, the crucial market, Japanese cars last year scooped up most of the industry's awards.

Honda, you might gather, is spearheading the Japanese attack. It has launched a wave of high performance coupes into the market from mid-range to upper-luxury, offering more performance for less money than its Euro opposition.

But no one was ready for its deliberate tilt at the low end of the market. No one was ready for the Honda Pocket Rocket, the CR-X. This is the car that redefines the word "performance" in the small-car, or affordable market. Consider this for starters. . .

The Honda CR-X can reach the legal limit (100km/h) in second gear — with another three left in the box. It can easily exceed 200km/h (and 220km/h is not out of the question). It will get under the old small-car acceleration benchmark of zero to 100km/h in 10 sec — just 9.5 sec is achievable.

This is the sort of performance that has normally only been available from Euroexotics and thundering Aussie V8s (the Brock Commodores, the current standard, could accelerate harder, but won't run much, if any faster, at the top end).

Yes, it is fast — but frugal also. Held steady on the open-road limit it will put more than 50 miles into a gallon of fuel (that's 5.6 litres/100km). At the same lope, your average V8 engine would drink 14 litres each 100km (20mpg).

●

Honda is not the only small car manufacturer to profit from the motor racing adage, "Win on Sunday, sell on Monday". Peugeot is a Euro manufacturer that went off in hot pursuit of motor sport victory to lift its sales performance.

Looking at the diminutive, almost self-effacing appearance of the current Peugeot 205 GTi two-door front-drive sedan, it's hard to imagine that in rally trim this machine was so awesomely powerful that it initiated one of the greatest motor sport controversies of all time.

Peugeot's Group B Peugeot 205 produced more than 600bhp and totally dominated international rallying in 1985/86. But it also featured in some spectacular and horrifying high-speed crashes (along with other makes). Drivers and navigators were killed, many feared a holocaust involving spectators on the difficult-to-control Latin courses, and the sport's controlling body stepped in mid-season with a ban.

The outcome is still being dragged through European courts, and Peugeot has already won substantial damages. Meanwhile the company has directed its attention to the world's greatest long-distance rally — the Paris-Dakar Raid, run over 14,000km and 22 days from France to Africa's West Coast across the worst Saharan wastes.

From two starts Peugeot has two wins, both in the 205 sedan (although the later one wasn't in the script — Peugeot was winning the event with its newer 405 coupe until it was stolen from an overnight control!).

In its rallying heyday, Peugeot is reported to have invested up to $20 million in developing, building, campaigning and promoting its rally team. The company is said to have recovered that investment in as little as six weeks of sales!

For the Peugeot road car, that is the only pay-off — none of the racing technology has trickled down into the road cars. It didn't have to. For the French, as obtuse and unconventional as is their wont, build perhaps the most competent and user-friendly small car in the world.

One quick squirt around a suburban block is enough to prove the views of the experts — that the Japanese are light-years behind the Europeans in some areas of suspension design. The front-drive Peugeot has virtually no detectable feed-back at the steering wheel when powering into corners, and the suspension is so supple you can almost disregard pot-holes, bumps, dips, concrete-joins and bitumen cross-strips.

It goes, too — not as hard as the CR-X, but enough to satisfy the yuppy market at which it is so accurately targeted. And the package is brilliant — huge interior space, ample legroom for four, and a poultice of luggage space in the rear. It is marketed here by JRA which jam-packs it with luxury features (like power windows, stereo, auto doorlocks) to justify the steepish thirty-grand pricetag.

●

If Ford had marketed the Suzuki Swift GTi, the whole country would be talking about it. This pocket rocket has been condemned to a life of near-obscurity by virtue of the changing fortunes of its importer/distributor. With new management at the helm of the importers, Ateco Industries, (including motor racing buff and managing director Neville Crichton), hopefully this will change.

The best way to describe the performance of this mini-rocketship is to say that it has totally dominated the small-car section of Australian production car racing.

Like the Honda CR-X, it is a front-drive, four-cylinder, double overhead camshaft (DOHC), fuel-injected baby bomber that can shut down machinery with twice as many cylinders. It is unbelievably economic (50mpg-plus, recorded by motor noters who should know) and costs a mere $17,000. In these troubled times, when the gutlessness of the Pacific Peso has forced every consumer along the path to automotive downsizing, it is the Valiant Charger of the '80s — fast and affordable.

It has its vices — a narrowish cabin built along the lines demanded by Japan's under 1 litre registration formula, from which its base-models come. And an extremely harsh ride on some surfaces — like many Japanese cars, the suspension has been screwed up tight for sharp handling.

You can live with all this and the average interior appointments, or you can upgrade them — a set of Scheel, Stratos, SAAS or Recaro seats will add comfort and location without breaking your back and bank balance.

*Self-effacing appearance. . .*

*. . . but jam-packed with luxury features. . .*

Not much else is required — with sensational performance (it trails the Honda CR-X, but not by all that much) and a complete bodypack as standard, there is nothing left to spend.

●

We mentioned Ford. Let's mention Ford's magic mini cars.

Unless you just crawled out of a hermit cave, you know the name Laser almost as well as your own. Perhaps you also know that a Laser is a Mazda (323) with a Ford brooch and accessories.

Two years ago, I was plunging through the Japanese winter in something called the Mazda 323 double overhead camshaft, turbocharged four-wheel-drive. I sampled unbelievable power matched by the uncanny control of 4WD on snow-covered roads you normally wouldn't send a snowcat out on.

At the same time, virtually just over the next hill, a bunch of Ford Oz blokes were ooh-ahhing over the same gadget. They tied up a deal with Mazda and set about designing a new nose and tail for the whole 323-Laser range, including a special aero kit for this DOHC-turbo-4WD version.

The result was launched late last year at Lake Hume Resort near Albury in the shape of the new aero-Laser, which has been fondly nicknamed the Bumblebee. It is no accident that its shape is closely modelled on the Ford Sierra, the European Ford (not Mazda) small car, not seen here except on the racetracks where this year it is set to dominate our premier sedan class of motor racing — the Australian Touring Car Championship.

Ford markets two versions here — in two and four-wheel-drive — and you can gain entry to the exclusive club for less than $25,000. If you buy in, you will step inside a machine with arguably the most advanced

*. . . the Peugeot 205 GTi — the most competent and user-friendly small car in the world*

mechanical specification of any small car in the motoring universe. This car is good enough to win its (production) class outright in world championship rallies, and may be set for bigger things on racetracks and rallyroads around the world.

It is fast, efficient and very sharp in the handling. The four-wheel-drive option gives it almost supernatural handling powers in the wet, on the dirt, in snow or other unfriendly surfaces. The turbo-driven engine provides thump-in-the-back accelerative power that small-car enthusiasts could previously only dream of.

Like any Laser, it provides okay small-car accommodation for four, maybe five friendly persons, and offers interesting and accommodating luggage-carrying options with the tailgate hatch combined with split-fold rear seats.

Where you read Ford, so must you also read Mazda (323 Turbo 16VSS & SS4WD). The difference is in the body appearance, interior trim, and some suspension fiddles. Oh, and the price — the Mazda is slightly higher in each case.

●

Nissan has also been trading off motor racing in myriad ways. Every Grand Prix fanatic knows that one of them was the celebrity event that precedes the Ocker GP in November (Nissan is a major support sponsor of the Foster's GP).

But Nissan has also earned its smarts in touring car, sportscar, off-road and rallying, and there is firm evidence that the technology has trickled down into its production cars. The latest evidence is the new Pulsar range, unbelievably broad with hatches and sedans featuring all kinds of body, trim and mechanical options.

One interesting aspect is that, apart from a fleet-aimed, low-sales, base model, every car in the range gets a high-performance engine pack. At the top end of the business is a Nissan Vector GXE with something called Viscous Drive (it's got nothing to do with chook-eating rockstars). What it does is keep the front wheels glued when accelerating on crook surfaces or when turning.

It's merely the leading edge of Nissan motor-race-bred technology and there is more to come. Meanwhile the machine was good enough to win a Car Of The Year award, and comes on to the market at the affordable level of around $16,000. It's good enough, also, for Holden to swipe it, and rebadge it as a Holden Astra.

Since it's dirt-cheap to buy, you'll have spare cash left over for a set of USC "ground effects" aerodynamic panels, which make it look like a Nissan racetrack clone. Not much else is needed.

●

Just where is the bottom line in this business? It's small, it's egg-shaped and it's called Daihatsu, that's who (etc).

The Daihatsu 1.0 CX Turbo might be described as the entry-level pocket rocket, although this is based more on size than price or performance(the Suzuki Swift GTi does everything faster for around the same money). But worth a mention all the same. The Daihatsu is among the cleanest of the minis, meaning it slips through the air with the least fuss. It has a co-efficient of drag (Cd) figure claimed to be 0.32 where the boxier cars run closer to 0.40. It sounds like small points, but it adds up to performance-with-economy.

The Daihatsu employs a three-cylinder 1 litre engine to run 170km/h and accelerate to the open road limit in 12 or so seconds. It's a little too exey at fifteen grand plus, but it is the cheapest turbocharger technology on the market at that mark.

●

There's always a wild card in the pack. It's called the Renault 5 Turbo.

Well, it's true, it is one of motoring's best-kept secrets, but if rumor is true, then this thirty grand pack is capable of 15-second standing quarter-mile times (Holden Special Vehicle's Group A costs another twenty grand to go a few tenths faster!). The Renault 5 turbo can possibly get under 8 seconds for the zero-to-legal limit time (remember the CR-X was pushing to get under 10 sec) and is apparently an okay handler too. Certainly, the small, basic car on which it is based was one of the outstanding European small cars of the 1970s.

●

Buried in the obscurity of the new car pricelists is a gadget called the Mitsubishi Cordia Turbo.

Introduced years ago with great fanfare, including some farcical notions that it might produce great things in production car racing, this car boasts heaps of grunt, but has abysmal dynamics, poor handling, vicious steering and disappearing brakes. None of which stopped various police highway patrols (notably the NSW boys) from buying them in droves. Which should tell you something about the highway patrols.

The only redeeming feature of this nasty little motor car is a lowly pricetag of $23,000.

And now for a special mention. The Alfa 33 1.7Ti, about the same-size pack as a Laser or Peugeot, and mid-range priced at about $26,000, can hold its accelerative own, turn a tidy top speed, and is so packed with features, handling and Italian character and verve, it feels as good as any baby bomber on earth. Maybe the Europeans aren't done yet. Given a typical bumpy, windy, Aussie grade two highway, this one (and the Peugeot) can still say *Sayonara* to the Japanese rockets. Ciao.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

# KATHY
## THE REEL THING

*Long-time Playboy favorite Kathy Shower has taken the film world by storm.*

Film-makers have finally woken up to what *Playboy* readers have known for a long time — luscious Kathy Shower has got what it takes. Kathy's first *Playboy* appearance put her on the map in no uncertain manner and since then there's been no stopping this live-wire gal.

TV talent scouts spotted her and signed her to co-star in *Santa Barbara*. Then Hollywood moved in and her big screen debut was *Commando Squad*.

This year brings a new action flick, *The Further Adventures of Tennessee Buck,* and a wild comedy, *Frankenstein General Hospital,* in which Kathy stars as Dr. Alice Singleton, Shrink.

Before she flew to Africa to shoot her fourth movie, *Pray To The Moon,* we convinced Kathy to stop off in Jamaica to relax and refresh the memories of *Playboy* readers who first fell in love with her four years ago.

When we first met her, Kathy's acting career had been limited to commercials, TV bit parts (sometimes it seemed to her that she specialised in falling out of moving cars) and a theatre role in a show she demurely called *The Best Little Blankhouse In Texas.* Now that her vehicular-vixen days

are over, Kathy steers clear of the fast lane. In Ocho Rios, she idles in a cool Caribbean breeze.

Kathy can't sit still for long. Faster than you can say pina colada, she takes a walk off the end of a short pier, dives into the crystalline waters of Ocho Rios and emerges, gleaming, looking like Venus in a mythic wet T-shirt contest. Soon she will be 8000km from here, starting a series of 14-hour days on location in South Africa. For now, she is content to while away the day working on an all-over tan she will have to hide when shooting starts.

Kathy may hate to waste time, but on this trip she's willing to let the day ebb. By nightfall she will be stretched out on the sand, contemplating the setting sun — and memorising her lines.

# CRY HAVOC *(continued from page 39)*

*Maria: "Two of the bandits held my little brother over the cooking fire until his skin came off."*

were kidnapped by the guerrillas. We were stunned; we had noticed nothing. A mother sat crying, the setting sun streaking her black face with red tears. This woman's child will probably be used as a decoy.

A decoy is a small child forced out into the path of a swiftly moving convoy. The armored cars at the head of the convoy are under strict instructions not to stop; if they do they are ambushed. In the most recent attack on a convoy in late October 280 people were killed. We left the crying woman. I was beginning to feel old in Mozambique.

From Tete we made our way to the port of Beira, where groups of Soviet soldiers were more obvious. We befriended two South African pilots who flew food into the towns that were under siege. They offered to take us into the recently liberated town of Sena.

We waited for the antiquated MiG 17 to clear the runway ahead of us before taking off. The guerrillas are known to have SAMs and this makes for fast take-offs and gut-wrenching landings, the procedure being to drop rapidly out of the sky in a steep spiral, flattening out at the last minute. As we bounced down Sena's bush runway the neat slit trenches indicated that the Zimbabweans were defending the town.

The areas we wanted to go into were still disputed. The Zimbabwean troops were polite but cool. Making our way through the scrub I would occasionally catch sight of our point men. Whenever we turned, flankers would seem to appear from nowhere, very tight, very controlled.

We came to a village on the outskirts of the decimated town. A small girl stared at us from the other side of a barbed wire fence. I asked Fionna to get an interview with her; when she had finished I wished I hadn't.

"We were sleeping when the bandits came; they came through the door of our hut and shot my father." Maria was only nine years old but the child in her eyes had died or gone away. She stared up at us with her little ebony skull swathed in bandages and told her story with chilling calm. "They dragged my mother outside and I could hear her screaming for a long time but I haven't seen her since. Two of the bandits held my little brother over the cooking fire until his skin came off. When they left I put a blanket around him and took him to the hospital. It was a long walk and my head hurt from where they hit me with their rifles."

The sun shone fiercely overhead as the temperature rose to the high thirties. We had been walking most of the morning before coming to rest on a blown-up railway bridge about 10 kilometres long which had been neatly dropped in several places by high explosives. It was also a favored sundeck for a variety of poisonous snakes. We had to wait until the snakes chose to clear our path before we could rest.

My film camera weighs nine kilos; it's an old Channel Ten news camera, heavy but reliable. Add batteries and spare film and it's a lot of extra weight to hike with, but a tall man with buck teeth had insisted on carrying my tripod. I was grateful and told him so. He gave me a big buck-tooth smile and said that it was okay, he was used to carrying loads.

Life expectancy in Mozambique is 45 years. Jonas Mondliani is only 30 but he looks 50. He told me he had been living with the bandits for six months after they attacked the town.

"They need slaves to carry their ammunition and all the things they steal. They even took the tin from my roof and sold it in Malawi. We had to walk very long distances, often without food or water. When people collapsed they were left to die. Their bodies rot along the tracks."

Jonas took us to a small grass hut he shares with his sister and her three children. She told a story similar to his but with one major difference. "They rounded up all the women and took us to a big house on the outside of town. Then they began to rape us. My husband was among some of the men who came to try and help us and I could hear him screaming when they beat him to death". Sex has become a weapon of terror in the destruction of the Mozambican society. Women, who could once travel anywhere night and day without fear, have had to come to terms with the ultimate degradation, something their Western sisters have known about for sometime. Terror has its effect.

The sheer number of the horror stories was beginning to weigh down on us. We fell asleep in the old DC3 cargo hold as much from emotional exhaustion as from physical fatigue. When I first arrived in Maputo I had found everything slightly amusing. I photographed an old Monaro in mint condition and wondered how it got there. I thought it very funny that the US Information Service could be found on the corners of Mou Tse Tung and Lennin. Things didn't seem so amusing any more. Mozambique has a way of making you tired, but had I known what was coming I wouldn't have slept.

Leah slept like a baby — she is only two years old. We were staying with Australian development workers in the coastal village of Morrumbene. James Damman and his Canadian wife Ruth run a hospital and agricultural project in the region. When we arrived they were already overdue for holidays and the strain of bandit activity in the area was beginning to tell on them.

Ruth had already tripped a mine wire with Leah in the Toyota, but for some reason it hadn't exploded. Ruth said she was feeling like a cat slowly running out of lives. Their project is funded by two Australian development agencies and has been very successful. The third member of the team was a water engineer, a tall man in a small body named Duncan, with a Hogan-style sense of humor, who was very popular with his workers. Duncan had two months to go before joining his girlfriend and their baby in Australia and as his time got nearer he was caught between feelings of guilt at leaving Ruth and James and the fear that he might be killed before he saw his baby again. Bandit activity in the area was on the increase and they waited in dread for the next full moon. The guerrillas travel mostly at night so big attacks came with the full moon.

The town of Morrumbene sits on a backwater and is surrounded by swaying palms and fruit trees. Swirls of pink flamingos play on the sandbanks and the mangroves give way to long tracks of white sandy beaches. Mozambique is full of contradictions. The hell that happens in these idyllic surroundings is just one of them. Ruth is kept busy trying to teach the population how to grow food and reclaim land. James is the epitome of a cool administrator, and runs a hospital in the town. Duncan's wells ensure that the people get clean water, since dirty water is a big killer in the third world. As it is, one child dies every two minutes in Mozambique. The Australians are there to try to improve things for people who have been pushed into the coastal areas by the war.

The second morning we were in town James pulled up beside us in his four-wheel-drive, "Quick, come to the hospital, bring your cameras." When we got there we saw a nurse trying to stitch together an impossible wound in the side of a man's head. James translated for us as the medical superintendent explained that the man whose face I could now see in bloody cross-section was a local farmer. He had come across some bandits stealing from his garden and they had gone to work on him with a bush knife. The word massacre first came to my ears from the medical superintendent whose son had been staying with relatives in Homoine, 30km away.

James and Ruth had friends among the people there. The farmer died in front of my camera and only baby Leah slept that Saturday night, the kangaroos and possums Ruth had painted on her nursery walls lit by the light of a full moon.

The next day, on the way to Homoine, we came across an American agricultural adviser, Mark Van Koevering. He had been in the town when it was attacked. Tall and bearded, Mark was still shaking from his experience. He told me that on the previous morning he had been looking out his window in his hotel room in Homoine when a bullet shattered the glass and smacked into the concrete wall behind him. He rushed to the

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bathroom and peered through the blinds down the mainstreet.

"At first I thought it was the army: they were all in new uniforms and had boots, they had new-looking weapons and radios, but they kept spraying the buildings with gunfire and I realised they were the bandits. People were running everywhere trying to find a place to hide.

"Just across the road from my hotel a group of six women were sheltering from the crossfire. Our militia were just farmers without much training. There were hundreds of bandits and the militia ran out of ammunition in the first 15 minutes.

"Myself and another hotel guest went and hid in a disused bathroom at the back of the hotel. We took a woman with us we found crying in the courtyard. The bandits set up headquarters in the hotel and we were nearly discovered several times during the day.

"About three o'clock there was a lull in the fighting and I crawled on to the hotel roof to see what was happening. The group of women were still huddled in the shop front but they were all dead; there were dead people everywhere and they were all civilians."

The hospitals in the towns near Homoine were overflowing with wounded and I asked James to stop at one of them so I could interview a local. I talked to Celeste in a crowded hospital in the town of Inhambane. Her black skin had a deathly grey pallor and as she talked her eyes kept flickering to the pathetic figure of her five-year-old daughter, her only surviving child, who lay in a coma in the bed beside her.

"They killed my husband and my two eldest children early in the morning. We were still sleeping in our hut when they came through. They also shot me, here in my side, but my youngest daughter hid beneath the bed and they did not see her. Late in the morning some militia came and took me to the hospital on the edge of town. Things were quiet and we thought the bandits had left. Then some bandits came through the doors and just began to shoot us in our beds. They cut open the stomach of one girl who was pregnant, then they cut up the foetus in front of us. They pushed four of us onto one bed and then started shooting. Another bullet passed through me and I lay under the bodies of the other women for five hours before help came. Later I found they had shot my little girl in the head; now she sleeps all the time."

In the cool, pink, African twilight that Saturday afternoon, when the orgy of killing came to a close, 500 men, women and children lay dead or dying in the streets of Homoine.

As we approached the town along the narrow sandy roads I thought how easy it would be to ambush people in this kind of country. Streams of people passed by us carrying their worldly goods in suitcases and bundles. All manner of vehicles were leaving, jammed with people and threatening to overturn in the sandy wheel ruts.

When we finally arrived James and Ruth went off to find who among their friends were still alive. I followed the trail to the old cemetery on the edge of town. A crumbling concrete arch overgrown by the jungle held a fading concrete angel which looked down on a mass of weeping humanity. I came upon a town burying itself. A big yellow bulldozer ploughed backwards and forwards covering over the mass graves.

A group of men rolled a body out of a blanket and it fell at my feet with a dull thud. It was the corpse of a dead gangster dressed in a shabby blue suit. "*Bandito armada*," the crowd pointed an accusing finger. Flies crawled over his lifeless eyes and licked his blood caked lips. I noticed the puncture marks of a bayonet on his neck and I suspect they took this one alive. Vengeance had been exacted.

African voices filled the air and the sound of women keening rose and fell against the slow baritone dirges of the men. The wind blew sand in our faces. A discord of funeral sounds was joined by the rattle of one hundred little squares of paper, skewered to twigs and thrust into the sandy graves, telling the names of the dead where the dead were known. I left the cemetery and the faces of the mourners, many of whom stood with blank expressions, bankrupt of tears, lost in bereaved bewilderment.

As I walked through the wide avenues of Homoine people were abandoning the town, leaving a nightmare. For them, the shop faces and streets held echoes of those forever silent screams. The horror of 12 hours in the hands of butchers was tangible and real but as invisible now as the air I breathed.

The street sparkled with broken glass and a large puddle of blood had an orange and an unfinished letter floating in it.

Girls' clothing was scattered among the broken lemonade bottles. Blood-stained drag marks scraped along the pavement for three blocks. The stains became pools where the victims had rested before scraping along their singular paths to death.

I was brought to a halt in front of a concrete shopfront. A girl's underwear lay torn among the glass and gore but it was the unmistakable smell of death that had stopped me. Someone had died there. . . who knows what things she knew before her release.

There were visits to the crowded hospitals and white knuckle rides along mined roads to be dealt with before the end of the day. I have covered several wars, both in Africa and Asia, but I was still shaken by the ferocity and sadism of this attack. I was left with the need to hug a child. The feel of something living in defence against all this death. I could understand now how Leah in her little nursery of Aussie animals could become a small island of sanity for Ruth and James.

In an effort to find some reason for this apparent madness I spoke to a group of captured bandits. There were those same flat emotionless voices, there were those dull, staring eyes, pinholes in space. The same blunted effect that is so chilling. They are men without dreams or ideals, "just obeying orders". They have nothing left to lose, in themselves a kind of casualty. The bandits may hold the smoking gun, but to find the real villains you have to look further. Who is it who supplies the guns and uniforms? Who recruits and organises? Who is it who stands to profit from the carnage which destabilises this fledgling nation? Who holds the leash on these dogs of war? South Africa does.

## WHY SOUTH AFRICA CREATES HAVOC

OF THE MANY bloody wars that plague the African continent, none is more vicious than the externally influenced conflict that presently rages in Mozambique.

Mozambique is a victim of her geography as well as her history. When Mozambique was granted her independence in 1975 by her Portuguese colonisers she was left with a population of 15 million people, 90 percent of whom were illiterate. As well as this the fledgling Marxist government had less than a million dollars in foreign reserves to try and build a nation.

Situated above South Africa, Mozambique stretches along 2400km of coastline on the south-eastern sea board. Because of this her ports and transport links provide an alternative economic trade route to the landlocked black African states. These front-line states would like to apply trade sanctions to the apartheid government of South Africa but instead are kept as captive clients. South Africa achieves this by arming and directing a guerrilla army to attack supply lines and terrorise the population within Mozambique.

This army is known as RENAMO or MNR (Mozambican National Resistance). The people refer to them as the *banditos armadas*; the armed bandits. About 12,000 in number they work on hit-and-run tactics, destroying towns, sabotaging industries and harassing transport links. The bandits are well armed and supplied. They appear to have no declared political position and were inherited by the South African Defence Forces from the Rhodesian Intelligence Organisation after Rhodesia became Zimbabwe.

Several armies fight in Mozambique against the South African-backed insurgents, including Zimbabwe, Tanzania, Ethiopia and Russia, and even Britain has begun to play an increasing military role by training Mozambican officers.

The effect of this war, added to the naturally occurring disasters of floods and drought, mean in simple terms that one child dies every two minutes in Mozambique.



# LONG DISTANCE AUSSIE *(from page 76)*

*Dracula arches in ecstasy as a nymph administers frenetic head beneath his cape.*

strongman, with big muscles, a shiny bald head, fishnet stockings and a big black cape. Naked, voluptuous nymphs, their bodies perfect in every respect, flit about the misty stage. The Flycatcher sings a brilliant aria while strung up by his ankles, and Dracula arches in ecstasy as a nymph administers frenetic head beneath his cape. Mona shrieks with laughter at this, and I must admit I'm finding the whole show very much of a turn-on. I have my arm around Mona, and as a now-naked Dracula leaps upon a nymph in a coffin, and the curtain falls, we kiss passionately.

What a wonderful build-up to the rest of the evening. My head whirls with erotic fantasies and we wander arm-in-arm toward Chelsea, where Mona has a flat. I'm also a little drunk. But I come back to earth suddenly when Mona stops and says, "Eric, I really must say goodnight now." She pulls me to her and kisses me hard on the mouth, then steps back. For a moment I am speechless, my disappointment absolute. Then I blurt out, barely knowing what I'm saying, "But Mona... your flat... nearly there... Dracula... nymphs... I thought you liked me..."

"Ron hasn't told you, has he?" For once she isn't smiling.

"Told me what?"

"About me..." She begins to sob. I try to comfort her but she breaks away and runs off down the King's Road. Even at this late hour there are quite a few people about, and she is soon lost among them.

It takes me an hour and a half to walk back to Notting Hill Gate. Had to find Kensington High Street and go all the way up it. But I wanted to walk, to give me time to think. Ron is still out, but Godolphus is in her bed. I throw off my clothes, scramble into my bed and curl up to ward off the cold. Just then Godolphus stirs and gets out of bed. The hall light is on as usual and I can see she is naked. Godolphus in the raw is even less inspiring than when clad. Her haunches are flat, and her little breasts hang sadly, like week-old balloons. She even has a pot belly. She seems to be made of odd bits and pieces. Slowly she walks from the room. I'm sure she is trying to saunter.

I hear the bathroom tap run, then her footsteps returning. She walks, trying hard not to stoop, around to the side of her bed nearest mine. I pretend to be asleep, but can just see her. She sits on her bed and bends down to pick something off the floor. Those flaccid little tits are very close to my face. She straightens up. It must have been a rubber band she picked up, as she gathers her shoulder-length hair into a pony tail. My heart almost stops when she whispers, "Eric... Eric... are you awake?" I shut my eyes tight and try to breathe deeply and convincingly.

"Eric?" Her voice wavers. In a few moments I really am asleep.

●

I sit reading the *Aussie Express* after a late breakfast. There are only a couple of others in the canteen. A bleary-eyed Ron Rafferty appears and collects a large serve of bacon and eggs and coffee. He sits beside me.

"Listen to this," I say, and read from the paper:

*Private expedition leaving London 20th December for Kenya. We are travelling in 2 fully-fitted 4x4 ex-army lorries, through Spain, Maroc, Algeria, Niger, Nigeria, Cameroon, R.C.A., Zaire, Rwanda, Tanzania and Kenya. The trip will take around 4 months and food, ferries, game parks and return fare ex Nairobi — will be included in the price of £496. Hurry, there are only a few vacancies left. Ring Michael Moran on..."*

Ron swallows his mouthful. "Had a gutful of London, mate?"

"Yeah."

"Must admit, it wouldn't be bad to get away for a while. This damn cold. But what about the money?"

"I've still got some at home. I'll get Dad to send it."

"You'd better be quick. The 20th, did you say? That's less than two weeks away."

"I'll get cracking on it tomorrow."

Ron has a mouthful of coffee and puts on his best worried expression. "This Michael Moran sounds a bit dicey to me... bloody Irishman. You'd better make sure it's not *Shaky Tours*."

"Anything's better than freezing my balls off around here."

Ron eats some more eggs and bacon and looks at me. "How'd you go last night, mate?"

"Bad."

"There you are. Ya *must* take more notice of my Sunday sermons. I always add, as a cautionary note after all the other bullshit, that all you'll ever find between the legs of a woman is despair and frustration."

"If only I could get that far. I think I've been sentenced to a life of wanking."

"The little tart. She must have been saving herself for work."

"Work?"

"Yeah, I meant to tell you this before, but never got the chance. Figure it out for yourself. How do you think she can pay for a nice little flat in Chelsea? She and the two Kiwi birds are in the same racket."

I sit there, stunned. The naivete of youth.

"Yes, Eric, Mona's a whore. Nasty little word, but it's a nasty little world. Still, as I told you yesterday, she's a good kid. I first met her on a trip across Asia. You know, all she wants to do is see the world, all of it. She went off with a local chieftain in the Khyber Pass one night and came back next morning with two hash bricks and a sub-machine gun. They make them up there. She sold the hash to a bunch of Yanks going through to Pakistan, and the gun to an Afghan border guard. He thought it was great."

"Bit risky, wasn't it?"

"Cheer up, mate. Maybe if you'd been a police chief in Turkey, or a major in the Israeli army, or... God, how could I forget this one, a mullah in Iran!"

I sit there speechless. Ron laughs. "You've got to have money to travel, mate. Travel's like a mouthful of shit sandwich. The more bread you have, the less shit you get."

●

It's nearly 11 pm when I reach Notting Hill Gate. I chain the bike to the lamppost outside the hostel. Ron will look after it while I'm away. I'm glad to get inside. It's a long run up from Folkestone, and my hands are numb, even inside the big gloves. I've been staying with friends down there for a few days, and have returned to collect my gear. I'll just have time to catch the tube to Hammersmith, where I'll stay at Michael Moran's flat, and leave for Africa tomorrow. Michael Moran an Irishman? Perhaps his grandfather was, but no, Michael's another bloody Aussie. Big and strong with dark eyes and long black hair and a luxuriant moustache. He looks like a buccaneer. And judging by his talk, behaves like one. He told me he'd spend today hiding three dozen bottles of Johnny Walker beneath the floorboards of one of the trucks, to sell at a handsome profit in Algeria.

An incredible scene greets me in the bedroom, where I've left my gear beneath the window. The light is off, but as usual I can see because of the hall light. Ron Rafferty is making it with a girl on his bed, going at her hammer and tongs. She's got her legs right up and is obviously enjoying it as much as he is. It's a bit embarrassing really, but I must get my gear, so I tiptoe across the room, and then I see Godolphus lying in her bed. Lying very still, and turned away from the two lovemakers, or fornicators, whichever way you like to look at it.

Her eyes are open and she just stares into the gloom, doesn't even notice me, even when I whisper to her, "See ya later." I pick up my bags and Ron's girl starts to moan. Then I realise it's Mona... really living up to her name. Then as she starts to come, she yells: "Cock in me, cock in me, cock in me, cock in me..." and Ron thrusts even harder. I'm glad to get out of there, and can't help thinking that was about the most profound statement Mona ever made in my presence. Ron, of course, was only living up to his philosophy. After all, *Life means nothing,....*

As rare as the stripes...

Ogilvy MCB 0012 APB 6420-A

PREMIUM CASCADE LAGER

'pure beer'

# YUPPIERELLA

*(continued from page 59 )*

*Master X was heartbroken. Yuppierella hadn't even left behind a wet patch for him to remember her by.*

on a deep and meaningful level, and she assured him she had never been an intravenous drug user or had intercourse with anyone she suspected of being bisexual and so Danno proposed over the third bottle of chardonnay.

A week later they were married in a brief garden ceremony they had written themselves, during a brain-storming session with the agency's creative department. The ceremony began with the words "Where Do You Get It?" and ended with the celebrant giving a personal endorsement of the marriage concept.

The wedding was a small and typically Australian affair, with the men standing around the jeroboam discussing their investment portfolios, and the women in the kitchen doing pelvic floor exercises while they stood around swapping recipes for removing stretchmarks.

After the wedding the woman, who was called Rosemary, moved in to Yuppierella's home, a charming little terrace in Paddington with an engineless BMW in the street outside to enable Yuppierella's father to double-park his Porsche 928S any time of day or night.

Rosemary brought with her her three daughters from a previous marriage. The girls all looked a bit like their father, which was a little unfortunate, as their father was a Maori grano worker with a broken nose and a body like a Chubb bank safe with a head on top. He had outlived his usefulness when Rosemary's dress shop became a fashion boutique. In an out-of-court settlement she had won half the concrete he had ever poured.

Everything went well for Danno and Rosemary until the stock-market crash, and Danno lost everything he held dear: his money, his shares, and his faith in insider trading. He also lost the few hundred thou he had set aside to pay his provisional tax and so Danno did the only honorable thing: he skipped the country.

And so one day poor Yuppers found herself living in a terrace in Surry Hills that was little but not at all charming, with her stepmother and the three ugly sisters, who had grown up looking like gargoyles in brown windcheaters.

The three sisters all wore crew cuts and dungarees. They were very supportive of each other and believed in networking principles. They said *"ciao"* instead of "goodbye" and used words like "spokesperson" and "lentil rissole" and related to each other in a deep and meaningful way.

Each of the three sisters despised money, men and beauty. The feeling was mutual.

The three ugly sisters were very unkind to poor Yuppierella. They made her wear brown overalls and shave her head and go with them to aerosol slogans such as WOMEN LIKE THE SIMPLE THINGS IN LIFE, LIKE MEN on factory walls, and sometimes, when they were feeling really cruel, they took her to see deep and meaningful Australian movies in Glebe.

One day Yuppierella heard that there was going to be a dance at an Eastern Suburbs Boys College, and any pubescent girls under the age of 15 were invited. Yuppierella was very excited. It was her opportunity to meet someone who might one day become one of the bastions of society, like a lawyer or a judge or an international drug dealer. Yuppierella had always dreamed of driving a Ferrari and double-parking it in Double Bay, and perhaps even getting to know someone who had been named in a royal commission. This was her big chance.

Her sisters had also had a deep and meaningful discussion about the dance, and they had decided to go. Well, not actually go inside, but they were planning on hanging round the car park and pouring enamel paint on a few Mercs and shouting "WOMEN FOR TRANSMOGRIFICATION" at anyone going inside.

Yuppierella asked if she could come too.

"Certainly not!" one of the sisters told her. "You'll only end up meeting someone who will want to manipulate you and use you and make you a sort of female slave for the rest of your life. No, you're far better staying home and doing the washing-up."

"And making our beds," another of the sisters added.

"And cooking lentil rissoles," the third sister said.

So that night poor little Yuppers was left all alone. She sat down on the Jason recliner that Danno had used for dreaming up creative concepts for toilet rolls, and big tears ran down her cheeks and sploshed on to her nuclear disarmament badge.

Suddenly she heard a sound like someone jemmying open one of the windows and heard a voice gasp, "Oh, ker-ist, Roger, I thought you said they'd all gone out!"

Yuppierella looked up and there, standing at her side, was a fairy. "Are you my fairy godmother?" she asked, surprised.

"Do I look like anybody's godmother?" the man said, mincing into the room in a tight pair of profiterole-brown Armani trousers, a fettucine-yellow Pierre Charbonnier blouson shirt and a Houghton's 1983 cabernet sauvignon-colored Gianni Versace jacket.

"If you're not my fairy godmother, then what are you doing here?" Yuppierella asked him.

"I've come to steal the video, dear," the fairy said. "I'm Damien, and this is my friend, Roger."

Yuppers looked round and saw Roger. He had just clambered in through the window, wearing an SS cap and a black leather jacket. He had more chains wrapped around him than a beer fridge at an Alcoholics Anonymous convention.

Roger took one look at Yuppers and said: "Shall we tie her up?"

"Tie her up?" Damien squealed. "What for? She isn't going to call the police. Are you, tootsums?"

"Well, maybe not tie her up," Roger said. "But we could tie her *down*. After all, she does look like a boy."

When he said that, Yuppierella started to cry. And Damien, who was a sensitive and caring person, who liked to relate on a deep and meaningful level, started to cry too.

"What's the matter with you two?" Roger said, irritably.

"I don't want to look like a boy," Yuppers sobbed. "I want to look like a girl."

"So do I," Damien said.

"I don't want to be independent and self-assured," Yuppers sobbed. "I want to sit in hairdressing salons and read *Cosmopolitan* while I have my hair permed by an Italian with a gold bracelet and a chest wig."

"So do I," Damien said.

"Life sucks," Yuppers said.

"So do I," Damien said.

By now Roger had unplugged the video and had started to clank up the hallway to the front door. "Are you coming or what?" he said to Damien.

"You always ask me that," Damien said. "I wish you'd just take your time for once. We can't leave the poor little dear like this."

"Look," Roger said. "It's only a Beta. She probably won't even miss it."

"Perhaps we should just take the clock radio and her pocket calculator instead," Damien suggested.

"I don't care about the video or the clock radio," Yuppierella screamed. "I just want to go to the dance. But I can't go looking like this!"

Damien felt so sorry for poor Yuppers when he heard her story that he insisted on taking her home instead of the video. Then he got to work and made her a new latex dress out of one of Roger's old Mardi Gras costumes and then he lent her his purse and the blonde wig that he had bought especially for the night Marilyn came to town.

"You have it," Damien sniffed, "I won't wear it any more. It just reminds me of *him*."

Roger even offered to lend her his pink convertible Volkswagen.

"You've both been so wonderful," Yuppers cried, "what can I ever do to repay you?"

"Just make sure you have that car back before 12 o'clock tomorrow," Roger said. "We've got an appointment at the AIDS clinic at 1.30."

Yuppierella promised, and off she drove to the dance. When she got there she saw her three sisters urinating in the car park. She ignored them and went inside.

Almost immediately she was picked up by the son of a leading underworld figure and media magnate. Yuppierella and her new boyfriend did some crack, dodged out the back to avoid the *Four Corners* interviewers and drove off in one of his father's Aston Martins.

When they reached his parent's harbor-front mansion he told her his father was in Europe avoiding answering questions at a royal commission and his mother was in South America avoiding answering questions from Chris Masters. Yuppierella was overjoyed. She had finally arrived. She was part of the Establishment.

The boy, who would only give his name as Master X, showed her around the house, pointing out the Monets and the helipad and the police commissioner's granny flat. Then they sat by the swimming pool drinking magnums of Laurent Perrier Cuvee Grand Siecle and inter-relating on a deep and meaningful level, such as assuring each other that they had never been intravenous drug users or had intercourse with anyone they suspected of being bisexual. Then they dropped some XTC and screwed each other's brains out on the *chaise longue.*

Yuppers enjoyed herself so much she forgot all about the time. When she finally woke up she found herself in the master bedroom at the top of the house with an uninterrupted view over the harbor and the Vice Squad's holiday home next to the swimming pool.

When she walked out on to the balcony the smog had turned a milky yellow so she knew it must be morning. She shouted down to one of the detectives from Narcotics who was exercising in the pool, and asked him the time. He peered at his gold Piaget and told her it was five minutes before noon.

Five before noon! She had promised Roger that she would bring his car back before 12 o'clock! Yuppers threw on her clothes and ran out of the apartment so fast she forgot her purse. She caught a cab back to the college to find that one of her three sisters had poured enamel paint on her Volkswagen, and urinated on the tyres. Embarrassed, she left it outside Damien's place with the wig and the latex dress, knocked on the door, and ran.

Then poor little Yuppers made her way home, where she discovered that Rosemary had assumed she had been brutally murdered by a knife-wielding sex maniac and had already been interviewed by *Eyewitness News* and Chris Masters.

By the time Yuppierella walked through the door, Rosemary was breaking down on camera for *Sixty Minutes,* and she was enjoying herself so much she refused to acknowledge that Yuppers was alive and well and had one of the three ugly sisters take her out to the back shed and do her in with a weeding fork to keep her quiet.

Meanwhile Master X had woken up to find Yuppierella gone. He was heart-broken. She hadn't even left behind a wet patch for him to remember her by. He thought he had lost her forever, but then he looked down and found her purse lying by the side of the bed.

He picked it up, pocketed the loose change, and searched through the contents until he found an account for "leather goods, various, with bonus lash" and Damien's address at the top of the invoice.

"Yuppierella!"Master X whispered.

That afternoon he parked the Aston Martin outside Damien's absolutely darling little terrace house with duck-egg blue walls and Monet prints. Damien answered the door wearing the wig and the latex dress, and was absolutely thrilled when Master X gave him a big kiss on the lips.

"Yuppierella!" Master X shouted.

"I'm not Yuppierella," Damien said, confused.

"You look like Yuppierella," Master X said. "And there's one sure way to prove you are. Yuppers left her purse behind and it had her vibrator in it. Whoever fits this vibrator is the girl of my dreams."

And so Master X inserted the vibrator into Damien, who didn't seem to mind a bit, and of course it fitted perfectly.

"Yuppierella!" Master X shouted over the buzzing noise.

"If you say so," Damien said.

And so Damien and Master X became an item and Damien inherited a media empire, an international freight company and a drug network, and double-parked his Ferrari in Double Bay every Saturday morning. And he was blissfully happy for about two weeks, which is all it took for the royal commission to wind up its enquiry into corruption and make the recommendation that crime was a terrible thing and something ought to be done about it. The next day Mister X got back into town and found out his son was living with the Queen of the Mardi Gras.

Mister X felt this liaison reflected unfavorably on his street cred and so poor Damien ended up at the bottom of Parramatta River with a concrete vibrator inserted rectally.

Master X went on to become a respected member of the community, like his father. Roger, heartbroken by Damien's betrayal, went queer and started going around with girls. One day he met the three ugly sisters at Garden Island, where they were protesting against the arrival of the *USS Missouri,* and he pinched one of them on the bum. So they chained him to a copy of the Sydney Yellow Pages, using his own chains, and threw him in the river near where they had dumped Yuppierella. And, having got away with two hits, they decided to take it up professionally and became hitmen (not hitpersons, because only men are violent), and they rose through the ranks to become respectable members of the community and double-parked their Ferraris in Double Bay every Saturday morning.

# KING *(from page 33)*

**PLAYBOY:** Why were these fights being staged in places like Caracas and Tokyo and Jamaica?

**KING:** Because back then, nobody thought you could guarantee big purses to fighters and still make a profit. So we went wherever we could get the money. Schwartz and I started working this way: if I could get him the fighters, he would make the deals. I began talking to Foreman in Caracas, and I got Muhammad Ali to come to Caracas and do color for the TV broadcast. By then, he'd beaten Frazier in their second fight, and a fight between Ali and Foreman seemed like it would be the biggest thing in boxing.

**PLAYBOY:** If you could get it.

**KING:** Right. But I *did* get it. While George was getting ready to fight Norton, Ali signed a letter of intent with me to fight George for that five million I'd offered. Ali had always been in my corner, but he wasn't going to make a move without the approval of his manager Herbert Mohammed, a very methodical man. When I met with Herbert, he said, "What are you gonna do, judge?" — he always called me judge. I said, "I'm gonna get you five million dollars for Ali to fight George Foreman." Herbert wanted proof that I could raise that kind of money, so I went to a wealthy Cleveland builder named Carl Lombardo, a born-again Christian who loves boxing. I said, "Carl, what would you do if I could put George Foreman and Muhammad Ali together?" He said, "Well, that would be a great promotion." I said, "Yeah, I know. Tell you what: write me a letter saying that if I'm able to put this thing together, you'd be willing to put up $10 million to pay the fighters."

**PLAYBOY:** Did he do that?

**KING:** Yeah, but only after I reassured him that I wasn't trying to commit him to anything — I just wanted him to write me a letter. So Carl wrote me the letter, and after much perseverance on my part, Herbert finally signed an agreement on behalf of Ali. I will never forget that day — I was jumping for joy. Schwartz and I then went out to Oakland, where Foreman was training, and we got him to sign a contract. I wound up convincing the government of Zaire to put up $10 million for the fight, which would introduce the country to America and Western Europe. Even though "The Rumble In The Jungle" was staged under the aegis of Video Techniques, that was the first title fight I personally put together.

**PLAYBOY:** Foreman was a heavy favorite going into that fight. Did you think he would beat Ali?

**KING:** I saw it as being a very competitive bout, and if it ended by knockout, I figured George would be the guy who'd do the knocking out; if it went the distance, I thought Muhammad's boxing skills would carry the day. I certainly didn't foresee Ali

knocking out big George. Ali *really* shocked the world with that fight. That's when he introduced the "rope-a-dope" — Ali just laid back against the ropes and let George tee off on him. It takes a lot of courage to let a guy just come in zinging, but Ali knew how to duck and do little things to make Foreman miss and expend all his energy. When George got tired, Ali finished him.

**PLAYBOY:** Had he practised the rope-a-dope?

**KING:** No, and no one in his corner anticipated it. I remember Angelo Dundee, his trainer, screaming, "Get off the ropes! Get off the ropes!" That was Ali's own genius. After the Foreman fight, I became Ali's promoter, and we became very close. That fight had an horrendous effect on Foreman.

**PLAYBOY:** Has any fighter since Foreman intimidated opponents the way he did?

**KING:** Mike Tyson does — when opponents come into the ring I can see the same type of fear on their faces. They're very visibly shaken. Ali had it, too, but in a different way: most of the guys who went in against him looked at Ali and just felt he was unbeatable.

**PLAYBOY:** You promoted nearly a dozen of Ali's fights. Which one, aside from the Foreman bout, most stands out in your mind?

**KING:** Probably "The Thrilla In Manila". It was a classic; I've never seen two athletes get so physically honed and sharpened to meet each other the way Frazier and Ali did. I don't think Frazier liked Ali then, and I don't think he likes Ali now. Ali agitated Joe. Ali was a childish guy, a prankster, and he was always teasing Joe. Ali would say, "There's gonna be a thrilla in Manila when I meet the gorilla," and Frazier just couldn't take that kind of talk. He was a tremendous fighter and he had his whole family with him in Manila, and Ali's teasing wounded his pride. That fight was one of the greatest fights ever put on.

**PLAYBOY:** In what sense?

**KING:** I don't think *anyone's* ever seen another pair of fighters reach down so deep in the depths of themselves to bring out energy and just punish one another like they did. When the fight was over, Ali said it was the closest to death he had ever come. I had a great deal of admiration and respect for Joe's trainer, Eddie Futch, who threw in the towel when Joe had been hit so much that he could hardly see. Futch made Joe quit, and Ali was glad of it. That fight was the highest mountain that both Ali and Frazier could climb. After that bout, they still continued boxing, but they never fought at that peak again.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you see a decline in Ali after the Frazier fight?

**KING:** I think that what happened in that fight, psychologically, was that Muhammad had reached the mountain top — he truly *felt* invincible. After that, feeling his invincibility, he didn't do what he usually had to do to *be* invincible. He'd worked and worked and worked getting ready for Joe, 'cause he knew what was going to confront him. I don't think he ever again worked as hard to get psychologically, mentally, spiritually and physically ready for any other opponent as he did for Joe Frazier. Believing in his own invincibility, he began taking more liberties.

**PLAYBOY:** And more punches?

**KING:** Absolutely. Ali's thing had always been to float like a butterfly and sting like a bee — to hit and not get hit. A lot of people always questioned his ability to take a punch, so then Ali started taking shots to let them know he *could* take shots. I ain't never seen nobody in boxing who could take shots like Muhammad did. But what did that prove?

**PLAYBOY:** Ali now appears to be what used to be called punch-drunk. Do you think he stayed too long at the fair?

**KING:** Well, I urged Ali to retire long before he did, but it's completely ridiculous to think that Ali is punch-drunk. Muhammad Ali does not suffer from brain damage. He has Parkinson's syndrome, which is not caused by blows to the head — it's an affliction of the nervous system, and millions of people suffer from it. Ali is still sharp, and his thinking capacity hasn't changed, but he slurs his words.

*What Michael Jackson's got to understand is that Michael's a nigger. It don't matter how great he can sing, he's still a nigger megastar.*

**PLAYBOY:** You've pretty much done it all in boxing. Do you see yourself branching out seriously into other fields?

**KING:** I already have. I'm producing a movie for Home Box Office and I'm planning on making a movie — a very *authentic* movie — about the life of Muhammad Ali. And don't forget, a couple of years ago I promoted Michael Jackson's Victory tour — went right out the chute and put together the biggest concert tour in the history of mankind. I also negotiated with the Pepsi Cola company and got the Jacksons the highest priced commercial ever paid. People around Michael said, "Hey, King has no experience in this business. He didn't have his apprenticeship. He doesn't know all the little nuances, and the little languages that go along with this business." Well, this was not amateur night in Dixie.

**PLAYBOY:** How *did* you manage to become producer of the Jacksons' Victory Tour?

**KING:** I got involved with the family when Joseph Jackson, the father, came to see me and gave me the honor and privilege of promoting his children. The Jacksons are one of the most successful, wholesome and exemplary families I've ever had an opportunity to meet. Joseph Jackson has been a hard worker who suffered the shortcomings of not being able to have a top-notch education. I was delighted to meet them.

When you get right down to the nitty-gritty, you find that those who have vested interests in the Jacksons — the men in the grey flannel suits who graduated from Harvard, Yale, and Columbia — realise it's not in *their* best interest to extol black family-hood. It is in their *economic* interest, however, to divide this family, which they have done.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you talking about the Jacksons' parents being pushed aside?

**KING:** Yes, and this is ludicrous! The people who tell them their parents can't handle this are making more money off the kids than the family is. If nothing else, this would be an opportunity to demonstrate family solidarity to all black people, and that would make us blacks feel more inclined to be family-oriented. There is no way Michael Jackson should treat his family the way that he does.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you perhaps saying this because your role in the tour was diminished after it got underway?

**KING:** No, because they didn't divide the family on me — they divided it on the Jacksons themselves. But sure, the suits went after me. They did their usual thing. They told Michael, "You know, a black guy can't do this. And King is a racketeer. Michael, your image is at stake here." His image? What Michael's got to understand is that *Michael's a nigger!* It don't matter how great he can sing and dance, I don't care what he can prance, he's one of the greatest mega-stars in the world, but he's still going to be a nigger mega-star. He must understand that. Not only must he understand that, he's got to accept it and demonstrate that he *wants* to be a nigger! Why? To show that a nigger can do it! That way it gives all those who are niggers — including the black quasi-bourgeoisie — the understanding that we are good, basic people. Whites put an epithet on us that we don't like? Fine. Now let's demonstrate by action and deed that we can overcome it.

**PLAYBOY:** To sum up, what do you think has happened to Michael Jackson?

**KING:** The people around him have extricated Michael from the black community. I'm hoping that Michael will come back home. He don't have to give me nothing, because I don't want to put this on a personal basis. Michael is an example of what happens to our top entertainers, athletes and leaders as soon as they begin to make money and gain stature and acclaim. They are swooped up from the black community and told, "Oh, you're not really a nigger, you're something else." And that's basically why I use the term nigger. I don't want there to be any confusion. If I do anything worthwhile, a nigger did it. If I do something that's questionable, I ain't got to tell 'em a nigger did it — *they'll* say the nigger did it. If I can contribute any philosophy or attitude born of success, unanimity, friendship and zeal, I want it to be "the nigger did it". This is what I want people to understand.



# PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

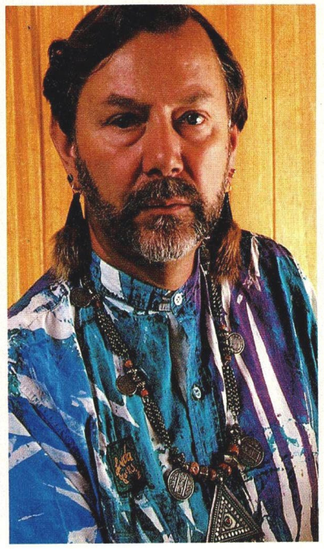
## What's happening where and who's making it happen.

**Compiled by Peter Olszewski**

## A DEKKO AT DECO

***Art Deco is good business these days, and it's an artform which endures. Sydney's inner eastern suburbs drip with deco, and most Australian cities have a burgeoning trade in deco artifacts. Of course, like everything else, deco buyers need to know what they're doing so they won't get their fingers burnt. But the beauty of Art Deco is that the wise buyer can do out his or her house/apartment and live comfortably with furniture and art that's also quite a healthy investment. Consequently a new book, The Brilliance Of Art Deco by Julian Robinson (Bay Books $49.95), is a must for anyone who wishes to dabble in deco.***

***Robinson, a controversial fashion and textile expert, appeared nude on the ABC to promote freedom of choice in the clothing department. He's that sort of codger, but the 56-year-old artist knows his stuff, and his book is testament to his expertise. It's a beautiful publication: 250 superb color illustrations and Robinson's text discussing the origin of Art Deco which symbolised the unique changes that happened in the Western world between the two world wars. And, like Robinson's earlier books, this one is creating international interest.***



# GETTING WHEEL

*Photographer Helmut Newton pops a wheelie on the high cc's*

HELMUT NEWTON IS known for high-fashion photography that conveys surprise, a sense of the edge. In the past, he has shown models posed enigmatically with mannequins, saddles and riding crops. Put something compelling in the centre of a picture and you strip away the polite facade. You say, this is serious.

These are serious motorcycles that we've asked Newton to shoot. Their names call up images of noble warriors, samurai swords, great winds and jet fighters. The numbers are deceptive: at 600cc the engines are not the largest or the most powerful. They are middle-weights, but lightning fast with great moves. These bikes go as fast as 750cc's did four years ago. They are the right tool for the right job — if your job is to find the edge and live there. They will reach triple digit speeds in the time it takes you to read this paragraph. They will make you believe that size doesn't matter: if a 600 can be this much fun, who needs the megabike 1000 and 1100 cc's?

These motorcycles are adrenalin, frozen in time, sculpted into shapes that cut the wind. They arouse the senses. They are also becoming the best selling class of motorcycles. They are what the Japanese do best: create an experience out of thin air, and then, through refinement and competition, evolve a machine that goes beyond the stuff of dreams. Dream on!

**The Kawasaki 600GPX Ninja was the pioneer in the middle-weight class. The 1988 version is lighter and more powerful. The 84 horsepower engine propels the bike to a top speed of 225km/h. The new two-piece double cradle design frame reduces weight by almost 15kg to a lean, mean 194. The front forks feature Kawasaki's electronic suspension control system with variable damping and anti-dive; the rear suspension is a single Uni-Trak. Dual disc brakes on the front, a single disc on the rear provides the stopping power. Yours for $6200.**

**The Honda CBR600F invites you to be the calm at the centre of a storm of power. The engine is a double overhead cam, 16-valve, liquid-cooled in-line four that will blow you, and most of your competition away. The bike is a whisper at 192kg. Cost: $6490.**

## GETTING SKINNED

***Lost a pussy lately? Chances are it could end up as skin on the back of a German rheumatism sufferer. The new cat-skin trade is horrific enough to shock even the most paranoid animal libber. Cats are disappearing all over the world, including Australian cities, and there's every chance that the skin from Aunt Doreen's missing moggie has ended up at a German company called Steingraf Medical. The company imports cat pelts from all over the world and manufactures jackets which are sold, for about $180, as a relief from rheumatism. This unfortunate trend has of course given a whole new meaning to cat-napping.***

## Getting List

*The 12 countries (apart from the USA and Australia) which have their own edition of Playboy Magazine:*

1. ***Spain***
2. ***Japan***
3. ***Turkey***
4. ***Argentina***
5. ***Greece***
6. ***Hong Kong***
7. ***Italy***
8. ***Brazil***
9. ***Holland***
10. ***Germany***
11. ***France***
12. ***Mexico***

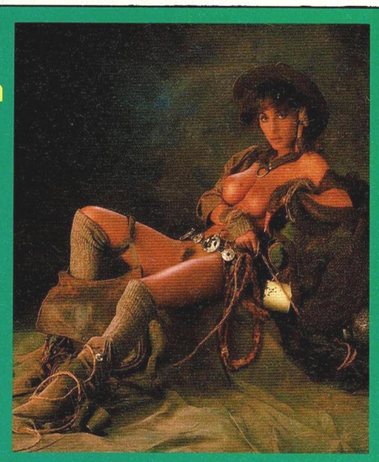
## Getting Fact

- ***The number of reasons Parker Brothers first came up with to reject an idea for a game called Monopoly in 1934: 52.***
- ***Number of little green houses produced by Parker Brothers since the Monopoly game went into production: 2,880,000,000.***
- ***Number of different language versions of Monopoly: 19.***
- ***One of the languages in which Monopoly is not available: Russian.***
- ***One of the newest board games released in the US is Shogun, based on the mid-16th century Age of War in Japan.***

## Next Month

**RAMBO AND ME:** THE MAN WHO CREATED THE RAMBO CHARACTER DEFENDS HIS MONSTER.

**THE CAPITOL RECORDS REVIVAL:** CAN THE LEGENDARY LABEL WHICH LAUNCHED THE BEACH BOYS AND INTRODUCED THE BEATLES TO THE US BE REVIVED?



*Shannon Long*

THIS WOG'S IN WORK: **VINCE SORRENTI**, THE HEAD-SHAKING COMIC FROM THE WESTERN SUBURBS, ANSWERS 20 QUESTIONS ON FIRST JOKES, FIRST POKES, AND WHAT TO DO WHEN THE AUDIENCE JUST WON'T LAUGH AT YOUR JOKES.

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